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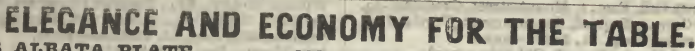
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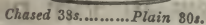
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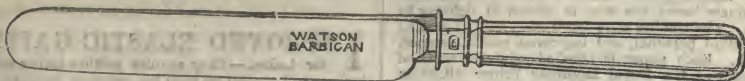
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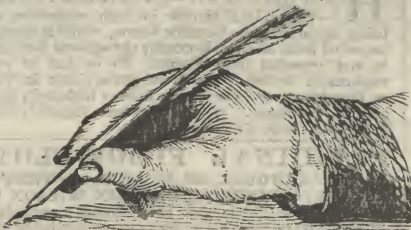
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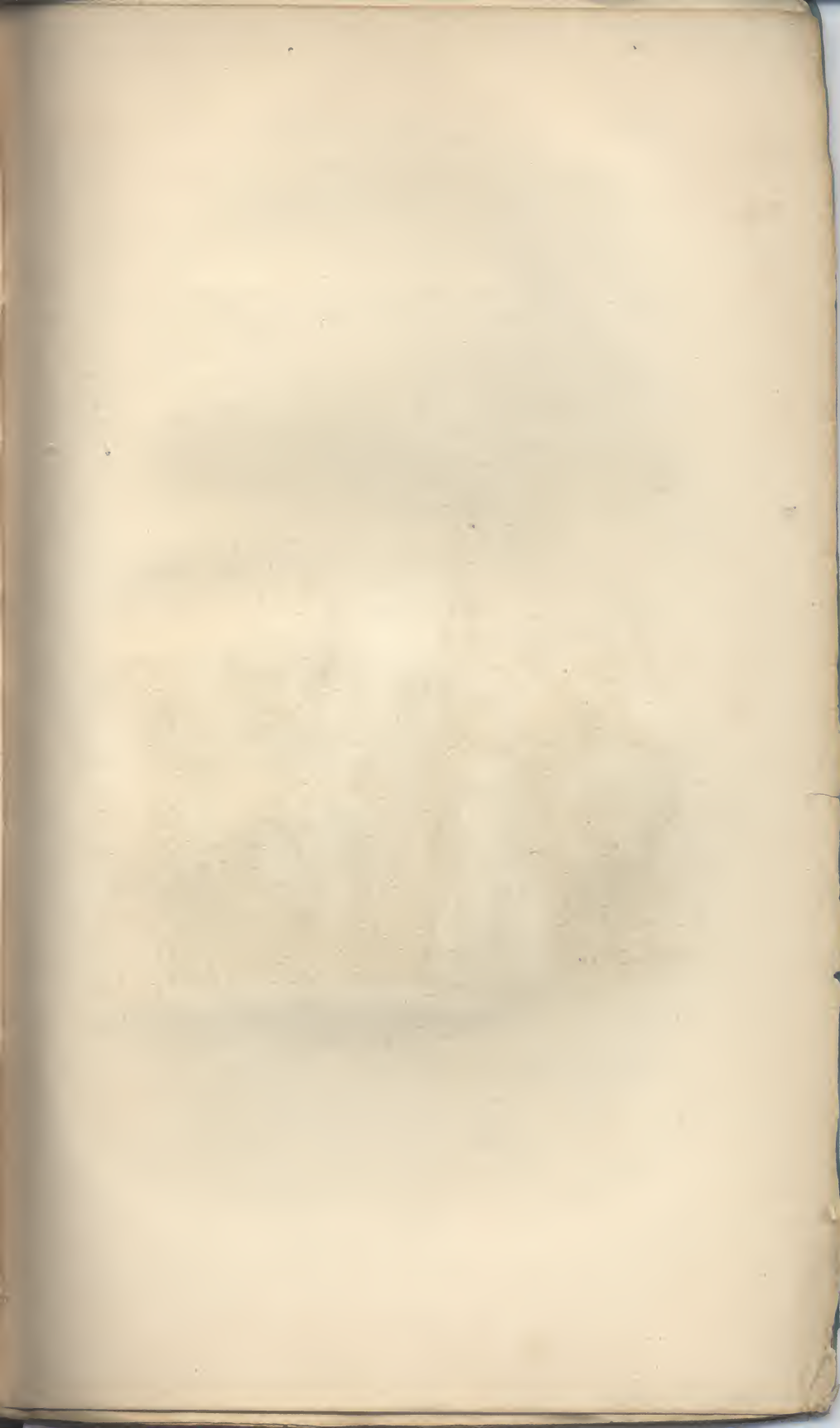


V,



*Mr. Gamp has her eye on the future.*







*Balm for the wounded orphan.*



## CHAPTER XXIV.

REPORTS PROGRESS IN CERTAIN HOMELY MATTERS OF LOVE, HATRED,  
JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

"HALLO, Pecksniff!" cried Mr. Jonas from the parlour. "Isn't somebody a going to open that precious old door of yours?"

"Immediately, Mr. Jonas. Immediately."

"Ecod," muttered the orphan, "not before it's time neither. Whoever it is, has knocked three times, and each one loud enough to wake the—" he had such a repugnance to the idea of waking the Dead, that he stopped even then with the words upon his tongue, and said, instead, "the Seven Sleepers."

"Immediately, Mr. Jonas; immediately," repeated Pecksniff. "Thomas Pinch—he couldn't make up his mind, in his great agitation, whether to call Tom his dear friend or a villain, so he shook his fist at him *pro tem*.—"go up to my daughter's room, and tell them who is here. Say, Silence. Silence! Do you hear me, sir?"

"Directly, sir!" cried Tom, departing, in a state of much amazement, on his errand.

"You 'll—ha ha ha!—you 'll excuse me, Mr. Jonas, if I close this door a moment, will you?" said Pecksniff. "This may be a professional call. Indeed I am pretty sure it is. Thank you." Then Mr. Pecksniff, gently warbling a rustic stave, put on his garden hat, seized a spade, and opened the street-door: calmly appearing on the threshold, as if he thought he had, from his vineyard, heard a modest rap, but was not quite certain.

Seeing a gentleman and lady before him, he started back in as much confusion as a good man with a crystal conscience might betray in mere surprise. Recognition came upon him the next moment, and he cried:

"Mr. Chuzzlewit! Can I believe my eyes! My dear sir; my good sir! A joyful hour; a happy hour indeed. Pray, my dear sir, walk in. You find me in my garden-dress. You will excuse it, I know. It is an ancient pursuit, gardening. Primitive, my dear sir; for, if I am not mistaken, Adam was the first of our calling. *My* Eve, I grieve to say, is no more, sir; but"—here he pointed to his spade, and shook his head, as if he were not cheerful without an effort—"but I do a little bit of Adam still."

He had by this time got them into the best parlour, where the portrait by Spiller, and the bust by Spoker, were.

"My daughters," said Mr. Pecksniff, "will be overjoyed. If I could feel weary upon such a theme, I should have been worn out long ago, my dear sir, by their constant anticipation of this happiness, and their repeated allusions to our meeting at Mrs. Todgers's. Their fair young friend, too," said Mr. Pecksniff, "whom they so desire to know and love—indeed to know her, *is* to love—I hope I see her well. I hope in saying, 'Welcome to my humble roof!' I find some echo in her own sentiments. If features are an index to the heart, I have no fears of that. An extremely engaging expression of countenance, Mr. Chuzzlewit my dear sir—very much so!"

"Mary," said the old man, "Mr. Pecksniff flatters you. But flattery from him is worth the having. He is not a dealer in it, and it comes from his heart. We thought Mr.——"

"Pinch," said Mary.

"Mr. Pinch would have arrived before us, Pecksniff."

"He did arrive before you, my dear sir," retorted Pecksniff, raising his voice for the edification of Tom upon the stairs, "and was about, I dare say, to tell me of your coming, when I begged him first to knock at my daughters' chamber, and inquire after Charity, my dear child, who is not so well as I could wish. No," said Mr. Pecksniff, answering their looks, "I am sorry to say, she is not. It is merely an hysterical affection; nothing more. I am not uneasy. Mr. Pinch! Thomas!" exclaimed Pecksniff, in his kindest accents. "Pray come in. I shall make no stranger of you. Thomas is a friend of mine of rather long-standing, Mr. Chuzzlewit, you must know."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom. "You introduce me very kindly, and speak of me in terms of which I am very proud."

"Old Thomas!" cried his master, pleasantly, "God bless you!"

Tom reported that the young ladies would appear directly, and that the best refreshments which the house afforded were even then in preparation, under their joint superintendence. While he was speaking, the old man looked at him intently, though with less harshness than was common to him; nor did the mutual embarrassment of Tom and the young lady, to whatever cause he attributed it, seem to escape his observation.

"Pecksniff," he said after a pause, rising and taking him aside towards the window, "I was much shocked on hearing of my brother's death. We had been strangers for many years. My only comfort is, that he must have lived the happier and better man for having associated no hopes or schemes with me. Peace to his memory! We were playfellows once; and it would have been better for us both if we had died then."

Finding him in this gentle mood, Mr. Pecksniff began to see another way out of his difficulties, besides the casting overboard of Jonas.

"That any man, my dear sir, could possibly be the happier for not knowing you," he returned, "you will excuse my doubting. But that Mr. Anthony, in the evening of his life, was happy in the affection of his excellent son—a pattern, my dear sir, a pattern to all sons—and in the care of a distant relation, who, however lowly in his means of serving him, had no bounds to his inclination; *I* can inform you."

"How's this?" said the old man. "You are not a legatee?"

"You don't," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a melancholy pressure of his hand, "quite understand my nature yet, I find. No, sir, I am not a legatee. I am proud to say I am not a legatee. I am proud to say that neither of my children is a legatee. And yet, sir, I was with him at his own request. *He* understood me somewhat better, sir. He wrote and said, 'I am sick. I am sinking. Come to me!' I went to him. I sat beside his bed, sir, and I stood beside his grave. Yes, at the risk of offending even *you*, I did it, sir. Though the avowal should lead to



our instant separation, and to the severing of those tender ties between us which have recently been formed, I make it. But I am not a legatee," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling dispassionately; "and I never expected to be a legatee. I knew better!"

"His son a pattern!" cried old Martin. "How can you tell me that? My brother had in his wealth the usual doom of wealth, and root of misery. He carried his corrupting influence with him, go where he would; and shed it round him, even on his hearth. It made of his own child a greedy expectant, who measured every day and hour the lessening distance between his father and the grave, and cursed his tardy progress on that dismal road."

"No!" cried Mr. Pecksniff, boldly. "Not at all, sir!"

"But I saw that shadow in his house," said Martin Chuzzlewit, "the last time we met, and warned him of its presence. I know it when I see it, do I not? I, who have lived within it all these years!"

"I deny it," Mr. Pecksniff answered, warmly. "I deny it altogether. That bereaved young man is now in this house, sir, seeking in change of scene the peace of mind he has lost. Shall I be backward in doing justice to that young man, when even undertakers and coffin-makers have been moved by the conduct he has exhibited; when even mutes have spoken in his praise, and the medical man hasn't known what to do with himself in the excitement of his feelings! There is a person of the name of Gamp, sir—Mrs. Gamp—ask her. She saw Mr. Jonas in a trying time. Ask *her*, sir. She is respectable, but not sentimental, and will state the fact. A line addressed to Mrs. Gamp, at the Bird Shop, Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, London, will meet with every attention, I have no doubt. Let her be examined, my good sir. Strike, but hear! leap, Mr. Chuzzlewit, but look! Forgive me, my dear sir," said Mr. Pecksniff taking both his hands, "if I am warm; but I am honest, and must state the truth."

In proof of the character he gave himself, Mr. Pecksniff suffered tears of honesty to ooze out of his eyes.

The old man gazed at him for a moment with a look of wonder, repeating to himself, "Here now! In this house!" But he mastered his surprise, and said, after a pause:

"Let me see him."

"In a friendly spirit, I hope?" said Mr. Pecksniff. "Forgive me, sir, but he is in the receipt of my humble hospitality."

"I said," replied the old man, "let me see him. If I were disposed to regard him in any other than a friendly spirit, I should have said, keep us apart."

"Certainly, my dear sir. So you would. You are frankness itself, I know. I will break this happiness to him," said Mr. Pecksniff as he left the room, "if you will excuse me for a minute—gently."

He paved the way to the disclosure so very gently, that a quarter of an hour elapsed before he returned with Mr. Jonas. In the mean time the young ladies had made their appearance, and the table had been set out for the refreshment of the travellers.

Now, however well Mr. Pecksniff, in his morality, had taught Jonas

the lesson of dutiful behaviour to his uncle, and however perfectly Jonas, in the cunning of his nature, had learnt it, that young man's bearing, when presented to his father's brother, was anything but manly or engaging. Perhaps, indeed, so singular a mixture of defiance and obsequiousness, of fear and hardihood, of dogged sullenness and an attempt at cringing and propitiation, never was expressed in any one human figure as in that of Jonas, when, having raised his downcast eyes to Martin's face, he let them fall again, and uneasily closing and unclosing his hands without a moment's intermission, stood swinging himself from side to side, waiting to be addressed.

"Nephew," said the old man. "You have been a dutiful son, I hear."

"As dutiful as sons in general, I suppose," returned Jonas, looking up and down once more. "I don't brag to have been any better than other sons; but I haven't been any worse I dare say."

"A pattern to all sons, I am told," said the old man, glancing towards Mr. Pecksniff.

"Ecod!" said Jonas, looking up again for a moment, and shaking his head, "I've been as good a son as ever you were a brother. It's the pot and the kettle, if you come to that."

"You speak bitterly, in the violence of your regret," said Martin, after a pause. "Give me your hand."

Jonas did so, and was almost at his ease. "Pecksniff," he whispered, as they drew their chairs about the table; "I gave him as good as he brought, eh? He had better look at home, before he looks out of window, I think?"

Mr. Pecksniff only answered by a nudge of the elbow, which might either be construed into an indignant remonstrance or a cordial assent; but which, in any case, was an emphatic admonition to his chosen son-in-law to be silent. He then proceeded to do the honours of the house with his accustomed ease and amiability.

But not even Mr. Pecksniff's guileless merriment could set such a party at their ease, or reconcile materials so utterly discordant and conflicting as those with which he had to deal. The unspeakable jealousy and hatred which that night's explanation had sown in Charity's breast, was not to be so easily kept down; and more than once it showed itself in such intensity, as seemed to render a full disclosure of all the circumstances then and there, impossible to be avoided. The beauteous Merry, too, with all the glory of her conquest fresh upon her, so probed and lanced the rankling disappointment of her sister by her capricious airs and thousand little trials of Mr. Jonas's obedience, that she almost goaded her into a fit of madness, and obliged her to retire from table in a burst of passion, hardly less vehement than that to which she had abandoned herself in the first tumult of her wrath. The constraint imposed upon the family by the presence among them for the first time of Mary Graham (for by that name old Martin Chuzzlewit had introduced her) did not at all improve this state of things: gentle and quiet though her manner was. Mr. Pecksniff's situation was peculiarly trying: for, what with having constantly to keep the peace between his daughters; to maintain a reasonable show of affection and unity in his household;



to curb the growing ease and gaiety of Jonas, which vented itself in sundry insolences towards Mr. Pinch, and an indefinable coarseness of manner in reference to Mary (they being the two dependants); to make no mention at all of his having perpetually to conciliate his rich old relative, and to smooth down, or explain away, some of the ten thousand bad appearances and combinations of bad appearances, by which they were surrounded on that unlucky evening—what with having to do this, and it would be difficult to sum up how much more, without the least relief or assistance from anybody, it may be easily imagined that Mr. Pecksniff had in his enjoyment something more than that usual portion of alloy which is mixed up with the best of men's delights. Perhaps he had never in his life felt such relief as when old Martin, looking at his watch, announced that it was time to go.

"We have rooms," he said, "at the Dragon, for the present. I have a fancy for the evening walk. The nights are dark just now: perhaps Mr. Pinch would not object to light us home?"

"My dear sir!" cried Pecksniff, "*I* shall be delighted. Merry, my child, the lantern."

"The lantern, if you please, my dear," said Martin; "but I couldn't think of taking your father out of doors to-night; and, to be brief, I won't."

Mr. Pecksniff already had his hat in his hand, but it was so emphatically said that he paused.

"I take Mr. Pinch, or go alone," said Martin. "Which shall it be?"

"It shall be Thomas, sir," cried Pecksniff, "since you are so resolute upon it. Thomas, my friend, be very careful, if you please."

Tom was in some need of this injunction, for he felt so nervous, and trembled to such a degree, that he found it difficult to hold the lantern. How much more difficult when, at the old man's bidding, she drew her hand through his—Tom Pinch's—arm!

"And so, Mr. Pinch," said Martin, on the way, "you are very comfortably situated here; are you?"

Tom answered, with even more than his usual enthusiasm, that he was under obligations to Mr. Pecksniff which the devotion of a lifetime would but imperfectly repay.

"How long have you known my nephew?" asked Martin.

"Your nephew, sir!" faltered Tom.

"Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit," said Mary.

"Oh dear, yes," cried Tom, greatly relieved, for his mind was running upon Martin. "Certainly. I never spoke to him before to-night, sir."

"Perhaps half a lifetime will suffice for the acknowledgment of *his* kindness," observed the old man.

Tom felt that this was a rebuff for him, and could not but understand it as a left-handed hit at his employer. So he was silent. Mary felt that Mr. Pinch was not remarkable for presence of mind, and that he could not say too little under existing circumstances. So *she* was silent. The old man, disgusted by what in his suspicious nature he considered a shameless and fulsome puff of Mr. Pecksniff, which was a part of Tom's hired service and in which he was determined to persevere, set him

down at once for a deceitful, servile, miserable fawner. So *he* was silent. And though they were all sufficiently uncomfortable, it is fair to say that Martin was perhaps the most so ; for he had felt kindly towards Tom at first, and had been interested by his seeming simplicity.

"You're like the rest," he thought, glancing at the face of the unconscious Tom. "You had nearly imposed upon me, but you have lost your labour. You're too zealous a toadeater, and betray yourself, Mr. Pinch."

During the whole remainder of the walk, not another word was spoken. First among the meetings to which Tom had long looked forward with a beating heart, it was memorable for nothing but embarrassment and confusion. They parted at the Dragon door ; and sighing as he extinguished the candle in the lantern, Tom turned back again over the gloomy fields.

As he approached the first stile, which was in a lonely part, made very dark by a plantation of young firs, a man slipped past him and went on before. Coming to the stile he stopped, and took his seat upon it. Tom was rather startled, and for a moment stood still ; but he stepped forward again immediately, and went close up to him.

It was Jonas ; swinging his legs to and fro, sucking the head of a stick, and looking with a sneer at Tom.

"Good gracious me !" cried Tom, "who would have thought of its being you ! You followed us, then ?"

"What's that to you ?" said Jonas. "Go to the devil !"

"You are not very civil, I think," remarked Tom.

"Civil enough for *you*," retorted Jonas. "Who are you ?"

"One who has as good a right to common consideration as another," said Tom, mildly.

"You're a liar," said Jonas. "You have n't a right to any consideration. You have n't a right to anything. You're a pretty sort of fellow to talk about your rights, upon my soul ! Ha, ha !—rights, too !"

"If you proceed in this way," returned Tom, reddening, "you will oblige me to talk about my wrongs. But I hope your joke is over."

"It's the way with you curs," said Mr. Jonas, "that when you know a man's in real earnest, you pretend to think he's joking, so that you may turn it off. But that won't do with me. It's too stale. Now just attend to me for a bit, Mr. Pitch, or Witch, or Stich, or whatever your name is."

"My name is Pinch," observed Tom. "Have the goodness to call me by it."

"What ! You must n't even be called out of your name, must n't you !" cried Jonas. "Pauper 'prentices are looking up, I think. Ecod, we manage 'em a little better in the city !"

"Never mind what you do in the city," said Tom. "What have you got to say to me ?"

"Just this, Mister Pinch," retorted Jonas, thrusting his face so close to Tom's that Tom was obliged to retreat a step, "I advise you to keep your own counsel, and to avoid tittle-tattle, and not to cut in where you're not wanted. I've heard something of you, my friend, and your



meek ways ; and I recommend you to forget 'em till I 'm married to one of Pecksniff's gals, and not to curry favour among my relations, but to leave the course clear. You know, when curs won't leave the course clear, they 're whipped off ; so this is kind advice. Do you understand ? Eh ? Damme, who are you," cried Jonas, with increased contempt, "that you should walk home with *them*, unless it was behind 'em, like any other servant out of livery ?"

"Come!" cried Tom, "I see that you had better get off the stile, and let me pursue my way home. Make room for me, if you please."

"Don't think it!" said Jonas, spreading out his legs. "Not till I choose. And I don't choose now. What! You're afraid of my making you split upon some of your babbling just now, are you, Sneak?"

"I am not afraid of many things, I hope," said Tom ; "and certainly not of anything that you will do. I am not a tale-bearer, and I despise all meanness. You quite mistake me. Ah!" cried Tom, indignantly. "Is this manly from one in your position to one in mine? Please to make room for me to pass. The less I say, the better."

"The less you say!" retorted Jonas, dangling his legs the more, and taking no heed of this request. "You say very little, don't you? Ecod, I should like to know what goes on between you and a vagabond member of my family. There's very little in that, too, I dare say!"

"I know no vagabond member of your family," cried Tom, stoutly.

"You do!" said Jonas.

"I don't," said Tom. "Your uncle's namesake, if you mean him, is no vagabond. Any comparison between you and him"—Tom snapped his fingers at him, for he was rising fast in wrath—"is immeasurably to your disadvantage."

"Oh indeed!" sneered Jonas. "And what do you think of his deary—his beggarly leavings, eh, Mister Pinch?"

"I don't mean to say another word, or stay here another instant," replied Tom.

"As I told you before, you're a liar," said Jonas, coolly. "You'll stay here till I give you leave to go. Now keep where you are, will you!"

He flourished his stick over Tom's head ; but in a moment, it was spinning harmlessly in the air, and Jonas himself lay sprawling in the ditch. In the momentary struggle for the stick, Tom had brought it into violent contact with his opponent's forehead ; and the blood welled out profusely from a deep cut on the temple. Tom was first apprised of this by seeing that he pressed his handkerchief to the wounded part, and staggered as he rose : being stunned.

"Are you hurt?" said Tom. "I am very sorry. Lean on me for a moment. You can do that without forgiving me, if you still bear me malice. But I don't know why ; for I never offended you before we met on this spot."

He made him no answer : not appearing at first to understand him, or even to know that he was hurt, though he several times took his handkerchief from the cut to look vacantly at the blood upon it. After one of these examinations, he looked at Tom, and then there was an

expression in his features, which showed that he understood what had taken place, and would remember it.

Nothing more passed between them as they went home. Jonas kept a little in advance, and Tom Pinch sadly followed : thinking of the grief which the knowledge of this quarrel must occasion his excellent benefactor. When Jonas knocked at the door, Tom's heart beat high ; higher when Miss Mercy answered it, and, seeing her wounded lover, shrieked aloud ; higher when he followed them into the family parlour ; higher than at any other time when Jonas spoke.

"Don't make a noise about it," he said. "It's nothing worth mentioning. I didn't know the road ; the night's very dark ; and just as I came up with Mr. Pinch"—he turned his face towards Tom, but not his eyes—"I ran against a tree. It's only skin-deep."

"Cold water, Merry, my child!" cried Mr. Pecksniff. "Brown paper ! Scissors ! A piece of old linen ! Charity, my dear, make a bandage. Bless me, Mr. Jonas !"

"Oh, bother *your* nonsense," returned the gracious son-in-law elect. "Be of some use if you can. If you can't, get out !"

Miss Charity, though called upon to lend her aid, sat upright in one corner, with a smile upon her face, and didn't move a finger. Though Mercy laved the wound herself ; and Mr. Pecksniff held the patient's head between his two hands, as if without that assistance it must inevitably come in half ; and Tom Pinch, in his guilty agitation, shook a bottle of Dutch Drops until they were nothing but English Froth, and in his other hand sustained a formidable carving-knife, really intended to reduce the swelling, but apparently designed for the ruthless infliction of another wound as soon as that was dressed ; Charity rendered not the least assistance, nor uttered a word. But when Mr. Jonas's head was bound up, and he had gone to bed, and everybody else had retired, and the house was quiet, Mr. Pinch, as he sat mournfully on his bedstead, ruminating, heard a gentle tap at his door ; and opening it, saw her, to his great astonishment, standing before him with her finger on her lip.

"Mr. Pinch," she whispered. "Dear Mr. Pinch ! tell me the truth ! You did that ? There was some quarrel between you, and you struck him ? I am sure of it !"

It was the first time she had ever spoken kindly to Tom, in all the many years they had passed together. He was stupefied with amazement.

"Was it so, or not ?" she eagerly demanded.

"I was very much provoked," said Tom.

"Then it was ?" cried Charity, with sparkling eyes.

"Ye-yes. We had a struggle for the path," said Tom. "But I didn't mean to hurt him so much."

"Not so much !" she repeated, clenching her hand and stamping her foot, to Tom's great wonder. "Don't say that. It was brave of you. I honour you for it. If you should ever quarrel again, don't spare him for the world, but beat him down and set your shoe upon him. Not a word of this to anybody. Dear Mr. Pinch, I am your friend from to-night. I am always your friend from this time."

She turned her flushed face upon Tom to confirm her words by its



kindling expression ; and seizing his right hand, pressed it to her breast, and kissed it. And there was nothing personal in this to render it at all embarrassing, for even Tom, whose power of observation was by no means remarkable, knew from the energy with which she did it that she would have fondled any hand, no matter how bedaubed or dyed, that had broken the head of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

Tom went into his room, and went to bed, full of uncomfortable thoughts. That there should be any such tremendous division in the family as he knew must have taken place to convert Charity Pecksniff into his friend, for any reason, but, above all, for that which was clearly the real one ; that Jonas, who had assailed him with such exceeding coarseness, should have been sufficiently magnanimous to keep the secret of their quarrel ; and that any train of circumstances should have led to the commission of an assault and battery by Thomas Pinch upon any man calling himself the friend of Seth Pecksniff ; were matters of such deep and painful cogitation, that he could not close his eyes. His own violence, in particular, so preyed upon the generous mind of Tom, that coupling it with the many former occasions on which he had given Mr. Pecksniff pain and anxiety (occasions of which that gentleman often reminded him), he really began to regard himself as destined by a mysterious fate to be the evil genius and bad angel of his patron. But he fell asleep at last, and dreamed—new source of waking uneasiness—that he had betrayed his trust, and run away with Mary Graham.

It must be acknowledged that, asleep or awake, Tom's position in reference to this young lady was full of uneasiness. The more he saw of her, the more he admired her beauty, her intelligence, the amiable qualities that even won on the divided house of Pecksniff, and in a few days restored at all events the semblance of harmony and kindness between the angry sisters. When she spoke, Tom held his breath, so eagerly he listened ; when she sang, he sat like one entranced. She touched his organ, and from that bright epoch even it, the old companion of his happiest hours, incapable as he had thought of elevation, began a new and deified existence.

God's love upon thy patience, Tom ! Who that had beheld thee, for three summer weeks, poring through half the deadlong night over the jingling anatomy of that inscrutable old harpsichord in the back parlour, could have missed the entrance to thy secret heart : albeit it was dimly known to thee ! Who that had seen the glow upon thy cheek when leaning down to listen, after hours of labour, for the sound of one incorrigible note, thou foundst that it had a voice at last, and wheezedst out a flat something distantly akin to what it ought to be,—would not have known that it was destined for no common touch, but one that smote, though gently as an angel's hand, upon the deepest chord within thee ! And if a friendly glance—ay, even though it were as guileless as thine own, Dear Tom—could but have pierced the twilight of that evening, when, in a voice well tempered to the time, sad, sweet, and low, yet hopeful, she first sang to the altered instrument, and wondered at the change ; and thou, sitting apart at the open window, keptst a glad silence

and a swelling heart—must not that glance have read perforce the dawning of a story, Tom, that it were well for thee had never been begun !

Tom Pinch's situation was not made the less dangerous or difficult, by the fact of no one word passing between them in reference to Martin. Honourably mindful of his promise, Tom gave her opportunities of all kinds. Early and late he was in the church ; in her favourite walks ; in the village, in the garden, in the meadows ; and in any or all of these places he might have spoken freely. But no : at all such times she carefully avoided him, or never came in his way unaccompanied. It could not be that she disliked or distrusted him, for by a thousand little delicate means, too slight for any notice but his own, she singled him out when others were present, and showed herself the very soul of kindness. Could it be that she had broken with Martin, or had never returned his affection, save in his own bold and heightened fancy ? Tom's cheek grew red with self-reproach, as he dismissed the thought.

All this time old Martin came and went in his own strange manner, or sat among the rest absorbed within himself, and holding little intercourse with any one. Although he was unsocial, he was not wilful in other things, or troublesome, or morose : being never better pleased than when they left him quite unnoticed at his book, and pursued their own amusements in his presence, unreserved. It was impossible to discern in whom he took an interest, or whether he had an interest in any of them. Unless they spoke to him directly, he never showed that he had ears or eyes for anything that passed.

One day the lively Merry, sitting with downcast eyes under a shady tree in the churchyard, whither she had retired after fatiguing herself by the imposition of sundry trials on the temper of Mr. Jonas, felt that a new shadow came between her and the sun. Raising her eyes in the expectation of seeing her betrothed, she was not a little surprised to see old Martin instead. Her surprise was not diminished when he took his seat upon the turf beside her, and opened a conversation thus :

"When are you to be married ?"

"Oh ! dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, my goodness me ! I'm sure I don't know. Not yet awhile, I hope."

"You hope ?" said the old man.

It was very gravely said, but she took it for banter, and giggled excessively.

"Come !" said the old man, with unusual kindness, "you are young, good-looking, and I think good-natured ! Frivolous you are, and love to be, undoubtedly ; but you must have some heart."

"I have not given it all away, I can tell you," said Merry, nodding her head shrewdly, and plucking up the grass.

"Have you parted with any of it ?"

She threw the grass about, and looked another way, but said nothing. Martin repeated his question.

"Lor, my dear Mr. Chuzzlewit ! really you must excuse me ! How very odd you are."

"If it be odd in me to desire to know whether you love the young man whom I understand you are to marry, I *am* very odd," said Martin. "For that is certainly my wish."



"He's such a monster, you know," said Merry, pouting.

"Then you don't love him?" returned the old man. "Is that your meaning?"

"Why, my dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, I'm sure I tell him a hundred times a day that I hate him. You must have heard me tell him that."

"Often," said Martin.

"And so I do," cried Merry. "I do positively."

"Being at the same time engaged to marry him," observed the old man.

"Oh yes," said Merry. "But I told the wretch—my dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, I told him when he asked me—that if I ever did marry him, it should only be that I might hate and tease him all my life."

She had a suspicion that the old man regarded Jonas with anything but favour, and intended these remarks to be extremely captivating. He did not appear, however, to regard them in that light by any means; for when he spoke again, it was in a tone of severity.

"Look about you," he said, pointing to the graves; "and remember that from your bridal hour to the day which sees you brought as low as these, and laid in such a bed, there will be no appeal against him. Think, and speak, and act, for once, like an accountable creature. Is any control put upon your inclinations? Are you forced into this match? Are you insidiously advised or tempted to contract it, by any one? I will not ask by whom: by any one?"

"No," said Merry, shrugging her shoulders. "I don't know that I am."

"Don't know that you are! Are you?"

"No," replied Merry. "Nobody ever said anything to me about it. If any one had tried to make me have him, I would n't have had him at all."

"I am told that he was at first supposed to be your sister's admirer," said Martin.

"Oh, good gracious! My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, it would be very hard to make him, though he is a monster, accountable for other people's vanity," said Merry. "And poor dear Cherry is the vainest darling!"

"It was her mistake then?"

"I hope it was," cried Merry; "but, all along, the dear child has been so dreadfully jealous and so cross, that, upon my word and honour, it's impossible to please her, and it's of no use trying."

"Not forced, persuaded, or controlled," said Martin, thoughtfully. "And that's true, I see. There is one chance yet. You may have lapsed into this engagement in very giddiness. It may have been the wanton act of a light head. Is that so?"

"My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit," simpered Merry, "as to light-headedness, there never was such a feather of a head as mine. It's a perfect balloon, I declare! You never *did*, you know!"

He waited quietly till she had finished, and then said, steadily and slowly, and in a softened voice, as if he would still invite her confidence:

"Have you any wish—or is there anything within your breast that

whispers you may form the wish, if you have time to think—to be released from this engagement?"

Again Miss Merry pouted, and looked down, and plucked the grass, and shrugged her shoulders. No. She didn't know that she had. She was pretty sure she hadn't. Quite sure, she might say. She "didn't mind it."

"Has it ever occurred to you," said Martin, "that your married life may perhaps be miserable, full of bitterness, and most unhappy?"

Merry looked down again; and now she tore the grass up by the roots.

"My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, what shocking words! Of course, I shall quarrel with him; I should quarrel with any husband. Married people always quarrel, I believe. But as to being miserable, and bitter, and all those dreadful things, you know, why I couldn't be absolutely that, unless he always had the best of it; and I mean to have the best of it myself. I always do now," cried Merry, nodding her head, and giggling very much; "for I make a perfect slave of the creature."

"Let it go on," said Martin, rising. "Let it go on! I sought to know your mind, my dear, and you have shown it me. I wish you joy. Joy!" he repeated, looking full upon her, and pointing to the wicket-gate where Jonas entered at the moment. And then, without waiting for his nephew, he passed out at another gate, and went away.

"Oh you terrible old man!" cried the facetious Merry to herself. "What a perfectly hideous monster to be wandering about churchyards in the broad daylight, frightening people out of their wits! Don't come here, Griffin, or I'll go away directly."

Mr. Jonas was the Griffin. He sat down upon the grass at her side, in spite of this warning, and sulkily inquired:

"What's my uncle been a talking about?"

"About you," rejoined Merry. "He says you're not half good enough for me."

"Oh yes, I dare say! We all know that. He means to give you some present worth having, I hope. Did he say anything that looked like it?"

"*That* he didn't!" cried Merry, most decisively.

"A stingy old dog he is," said Jonas. "Well?"

"Griffin!" cried Miss Mercy, in counterfeit amazement; "what are you doing, Griffin?"

"Only giving you a squeeze," said the discomfited Jonas. "There's no harm in that, I suppose?"

"But there is a great deal of harm in it, if I don't consider it agreeable," returned his cousin. "Do go along, will you? You make me so hot!"

Mr. Jonas withdrew his arm; and for a moment looked at her more like a murderer than a lover. But he cleared his brow by degrees, and broke silence with:

"I say, Mel!"

"What do you say, you vulgar thing—you low savage?" cried his fair betrothed.



"When is it to be? I can't afford to go on dawdling about here half my life, I needn't tell you, and Pecksniff says that father's being so lately dead makes very little odds; for we can be married as quiet as we please down here, and my being lonely is a good reason to the neighbours for taking a wife home so soon, especially one that He knew. As to crossbones (my uncle, I mean), he's sure not to put a spoke in the wheel, whatever we settle on, for he told Pecksniff only this morning, that if *you* liked it, he'd nothing at all to say. So, Mel," said Jonas, venturing on another squeeze; "when shall it be?"

"Upon my word," cried Merry.

"Upon my soul, if you like," said Jonas. "What do you say to next week, now?"

"To next week! If you had said next quarter, I should have wondered at your impudence."

"But I didn't say next quarter," retorted Jonas. "I said next week."

"Then, Griffin," cried Miss Merry, pushing him off, and rising. "I say no! not next week. It shan't be till I choose—and I may not choose it to be for months. There!"

He glanced up at her from the ground, almost as darkly as he had looked at Tom Pinch; but held his peace.

"No fright of a Griffin with a patch over his eye, shall dictate to me, or have a voice in the matter," said Merry. "There!"

Still Mr. Jonas held his peace.

"If it's next month, that shall be the very earliest; but I won't say when it shall be till to-morrow; and if you don't like that, it shall never be at all," said Merry; "and if you follow me about and won't leave me alone, it shall never be at all. There! And if you don't do everything I order you to do, it shall never be at all. So don't follow me. There, Griffin!"

And with that, she skipped away, among the trees.

"Ecod, my lady!" said Jonas, looking after her, and biting a piece of straw, almost to powder; "you'll catch it for this, when you *are* married! It's all very well now—it keeps one on, somehow, and you know it—but I'll pay you off scot and lot by and bye. This is a plaguey dull sort of place for a man to be sitting by himself in. I never could abide a mouldy old churchyard."

As he turned into the avenue himself, Miss Merry, who was far ahead, happened to look back.

"Ah!" said Jonas with a sullen smile, and a nod that was not addressed to her; "make the most of it while it lasts. Get in your hay while the sun shines. Take your own way as long as it's in your power, my lady!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

IS IN PART PROFESSIONAL ; AND FURNISHES THE READER WITH SOME VALUABLE HINTS IN RELATION TO THE MANAGEMENT OF A SICK CHAMBER.

MR. MOULD was surrounded by his household gods. He was enjoying the sweets of domestic repose, and gazing on them with a calm delight. The day being sultry, and the window open, the legs of Mr. Mould were on the window-seat, and his back reclined against the shutter. Over his shining head a handkerchief was drawn, to guard his baldness from the flies. The room was fragrant with the smell of punch, a tumbler of which grateful compound stood upon a small round table, convenient to the hand of Mr. Mould ; so deftly mixed, that as his eye looked down into the cool transparent drink, another eye, peering brightly from behind the crisp lemon-peel, looked up at him, and twinkled like a star.

Deep in the city, and within the ward of Cheap, stood Mr. Mould's establishment. His Harem, or, in other words, the common sitting-room of Mrs. Mould and family, was at the back, over the little counting-house behind the shop : abutting on a churchyard, small and shady. In this domestic chamber Mr. Mould now sat ; gazing, a placid man, upon his punch and home. If, for a moment at a time, he sought a wider prospect, whence he might return with freshened zest to these enjoyments, his moist glance wandered like a sunbeam through a rural screen of scarlet runners, trained on strings before the window ; and he looked down, with an artist's eye, upon the graves.

The partner of his life, and daughters twain, were Mr. Mould's companions. Plump as any partridge was each Miss Mould, and Mrs. M. was plumper than the two together. So round and chubby were their fair proportions, that they might have been the bodies once belonging to the angels' faces in the shop below, grown up, with other heads attached to make them mortal. Even their peachy cheeks were puffed out and distended, as though they ought of right to be performing on celestial trumpets. The bodiless cherubs in the shop, who were depicted as constantly blowing those instruments for ever and ever without any lungs, played, it is to be presumed, entirely by ear.

Mr. Mould looked lovingly at Mrs. Mould, who sat hard by, and was a helpmate to him in his punch as in all other things. Each seraph daughter, too, enjoyed her share of his regards, and smiled upon him in return. So bountiful were Mr. Mould's possessions, and so large his stock in trade, that even there, within his household sanctuary, stood a cumbrous press, whose mahogany maw was filled with shrouds, and winding-sheets, and other furniture of funerals. But, though the Misses Mould had been brought up, as one may say, beneath its eye, it had cast no shadow on their timid infancy or blooming youth. Sporting behind the scenes of death and burial from cradlehood, the Misses Mould knew better. Hatbands, to them, were but so many yards of



silk or crape ; the final robe but such a quantity of linen. The Misses Mould could idealize a player's habit, or a court-lady's petticoat, or even an act of parliament. But they were not to be taken in by palls. They made them sometimes.

The premises of Mr. Mould were hard of hearing to the boisterous noises in the great main streets, and nestled in a quiet corner, where the city strife became a drowsy hum, that sometimes rose and sometimes fell and sometimes altogether ceased : suggesting to a thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside. The light came sparkling in among the scarlet runners, as if the churchyard winked at Mr. Mould, and said, "We understand each other;" and from the distant shop a pleasant sound arose of coffin-making with a low melodious hammer, rat, tat, tat, tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion.

"Quite the buzz of insects," said Mr. Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury. "It puts one in mind of the sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts. It's exactly like the woodpecker tapping."

"The woodpecker tapping the hollow *elm* tree," observed Mrs. Mould, adapting the words of the popular melody to the description of wood commonly used in the trade.

"Ha ha !" laughed Mr. Mould. "Not at all bad, my dear. We shall be glad to hear from you again, Mrs. M. Hollow *elm* tree, eh ? Ha ha ! Very good indeed. I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love."

Mrs. Mould, thus encouraged, took a little more of the punch, and handed it to her daughters, who dutifully followed the example of their mother.

"Hollow *elm* tree, eh ?" said Mr. Mould, making a slight motion with his legs in his enjoyment of the joke. "It's beech in the song. Elm, eh ? Yes, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha ! Upon my soul, that's one of the best things I know !" He was so excessively tickled by the jest that he couldn't forget it, but repeated twenty times, "Elm, eh ? Yes, to be sure. Elm, of course. Ha, ha, ha ! Upon my life, you know, that ought to be sent to somebody who could make use of it. It's one of the smartest things that ever was said. Hollow *elm* tree, eh ? Of course. Very hollow. Ha, ha, ha !"

Here a knock was heard at the room door.

"That's Tacker, I know," said Mrs. Mould, "by the wheezing he makes. Who that hears him now, would suppose he'd ever had wind enough to carry the feathers on his head ! Come in, Tacker."

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said Tacker, looking in a little way. "I thought our Governor was here."

"Well ! So he is," cried Mould.

"Oh ! I didn't see you, I'm sure," said Tacker, looking in a little farther. "You wouldn't be inclined to take a walking one of two, with the plain wood and a tin plate, I suppose ?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Mould, "much too common. Nothing to say to it."

"I told 'em it was precious low," observed Mr. Tacker.

"Tell 'em to go somewhere else. We don't do that style of business

here," said Mr. Mould. "Like their impudence to propose it. Who is it?"

"Why," returned Tacker, pausing, "that 's where it is, you see. It 's the beadle's son-in-law."

"The beadle's son-in-law, eh?" said Mould. "Well! I 'll do it if the beadle follows in his cocked hat; not else. We may carry it off that way, by looking official, but it 'll be low enough then. His cocked hat, mind!"

"I 'll take care, sir," rejoined Tacker. "Oh! Mrs. Gamp 's below, and wants to speak to you."

"Tell Mrs. Gamp to come up stairs," said Mould. "Now, Mrs. Gamp, what 's *your* news?"

The lady in question was by this time in the doorway, curtsying to Mrs. Mould. At the same moment a peculiar fragrance was borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hiccupped, and had previously been to a wine-vaults.

Mrs. Gamp made no response to Mr. Mould, but curtsied to Mrs. Mould again, and held up her hands and eyes, as in a devout thanksgiving that she looked so well. She was neatly, but not gaudily attired, in the weeds she had worn when Mr. Pecksniff had the pleasure of making her acquaintance; and was perhaps the turning of a scale more snuffy.

"There are some happy creeturs," Mrs. Gamp observed, "as time runs back'ards with, and you are one, Mrs. Mould; not that he need do nothing except use you in his most owldacious way for years to come, I 'm sure; for young you are and will be. I says to Mrs. Harris," Mrs. Gamp continued, "only t'other day; the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale; I says to Mrs. Harris when she says to me, 'Years and our trials, Mrs. Gamp, sets marks upon us all'—Say not the words, Mrs. Harris, if you and me is to continual friends, for sech is not the case. Mrs. Mould,' I says, making so free, I will confess, as use the name," (she curtsied here), "'is one of them that goes agen the obseruation straight; and never, Mrs. Harris, whilst I 've a drop of breath to draw, will I set by, and not stand up, don't think it.'—'I ast your pardon, ma'am,' says Mrs. Harris, 'and I humbly grant your grace; for if ever a woman lived as would see her feller creeturs into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp.'"

At this point she was fain to stop for breath; and advantage may be taken of the circumstance, to state that a fearful mystery surrounded this lady of the name of Harris, whom no one in the circle of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen; neither did any human being know her place of residence, though Mrs. Gamp appeared on her own showing to be in constant communication with her. There were conflicting rumours on the subject; but the prevalent opinion was that she was a phantom of Mrs. Gamp's brain—as Messrs. Doe and Roe are fictions of the law—created for the express purpose of holding visionary dialogues with her on all manner of subjects, and invariably winding up with a compliment to the excellence of her nature.



"And likewise what a pleasure," said Mrs. Gamp, turning with a tearful smile towards the daughters, "to see them two young ladies as I know'd afore a tooth in their pretty heads was cut, and have many a day seen—ah, the sweet creeturs!—playing at berryins down in the shop, and follerin' the order-book to its long home in the iron safe! But that's all past and over, Mr. Mould;" as she thus got in a carefully regulated routine to that gentleman, she shook her head waggishly; "That's all past and over now, sir, an't it?"

"Changes, Mrs. Gamp, changes!" returned the undertaker.

"More changes too, to come, afore we've done with changes, sir," said Mrs. Gamp, nodding yet more waggishly than before. "Young ladies with such faces thinks of something else besides berryins, don't they, sir?"

"I am sure I don't know, Mrs. Gamp," said Mould, with a chuckle. —"Not bad in Mrs. Gamp, my dear?"

"Oh yes, you do know, sir!" said Mrs. Gamp, "and so does Mrs. Mould, your ansome pardner too, sir; and so do I, although the blessing of a daughter was denied me; which, if we had had one, Gamp would certainly have drunk its little shoes right off its feet, as with our precious boy he did, and arterwards send the child a errand to sell his wooden leg for any money it would fetch as matches in the rough, and bring it home in liquor: which was truly done beyond his years, for ev'ry indivdgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones; and come home arterwards quite bold, to break the news, and offering to drown himself if that would be a satisfaction to his parents.—Oh yes, you do know, sir," said Mrs. Gamp, wiping her eye with her shawl, and resuming the thread of her discourse. "There's something besides births and berryins in the newspapers, an't there, Mr. Mould?"

Mr. Mould winked at Mrs. Mould, whom he had by this time taken on his knee, and said: "No doubt. A good deal more, Mrs. Gamp. Upon my life, Mrs. Gamp is very far from bad, my dear!"

"There's marryings, an't there, sir?" said Mrs. Gamp, while both the daughters blushed and tittered. "Bless their precious hearts, and well they knows it! Well you know'd it too, and well did Mrs. Mould, when you was at their time of life! But my opinion is, you're all of one age now. For as to you and Mrs. Mould sir, ever having grandchildren—"

"Oh! Fie, fie! Nonsense, Mrs. Gamp," replied the undertaker. "Devilish smart, though. Ca-pi-tal!"—this was in a whisper. "My dear—" aloud again—"Mrs. Gamp can drink a glass of rum I dare say. Sit down Mrs. Gamp, sit down."

Mrs. Gamp took the chair that was nearest the door, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, feigned to be wholly insensible to the fact of a glass of rum being in preparation, until it was placed in her hand by one of the young ladies, when she exhibited the greatest surprise.

"A thing," she said, "as hardly ever, Mrs. Mould, occurs with me unless it is when I am indisposed, and find my half a pint of porter settling heavy on the chest. Mrs. Harris often and often says to me, 'Sairey Gamp,' she says, 'you raly do amaze me!' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her,

'why so? Give it a name, I beg.' 'Telling the truth then, ma'am,' says Mrs. Harris, 'and shaming him as shall be nameless betwixt you and me, never did I think till I know'd you, as any woman could sick-nurse and monthly likeways, on the little that you takes to drink.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'none on us knows what we can do till we tries; and wunst, when me and Gamp kept ouse, I thought so too. But now,' I says, 'my half a pint of porter fully satisfies; perwisin', Mrs. Harris, that it is brought reg'lar, and draw'd mild. Whether I sicks or monthlies, ma'am, I hope I does my duty, but I am but a poor woman, and I earns my living hard; therefore I *do* require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and draw'd mild.'

The precise connexion between these observations and the glass of rum, did not appear; for Mrs. Gamp proposing as a toast "The best of lucks to all," took off the dram in quite a scientific manner, without any further remarks.

"And what's your news, Mrs. Gamp?" asked Mould again, as that lady wiped her lips upon her shawl, and nibbled a corner off a soft biscuit, which she appeared to carry in her pocket as a provision against contingent drams. "How's Mr. Chuffey?"

"Mr. Chuffey, sir," she replied, "is jest as usual; he an't no better and he an't no worse. I take it very kind in the gentleman to have wrote up to you and said, 'let Mrs. Gamp take care of him till I come home;' but ev'ry think he does is kind. There an't a many like him. If there was, we should n't want no churches."

"What do you want to speak to me about, Mrs. Gamp?" said Mould, coming to the point.

"Jest this, sir," Mrs. Gamp returned, "with thanks to you for asking. There *is* a gent sir, at the Bull in Holborn, as has been took ill there, and is bad abed. They have a day nurse as was recommended from Bartholomew's; and well I knows her, Mr. Mould, her name bein' Mrs. Prig, the best of creeturs. But she is otherways engaged at night, and they are in wants of night-watching; consequent she says to them, having reposed the greatest friendliness in me for twenty year, 'The soberest person going, and the best of blessings in a sick room, is Mrs. Gamp. Send a boy to Kingsgate Street,' she says, 'and snap her up at any price, for Mrs. Gamp is worth her weight and more in goldian guineas.' My landlord brings the message down to me, and says, 'bein' in a light place where you are, and this job promising so well, why not unite the two?' 'No, sir,' I says, 'not unbeknown to Mr. Mould, and therefore do not think it. But I will go to Mr. Mould,' I says, 'and ast him, if you like.' Here she looked sideways at the undertaker, and came to a stop.

"Night-watching, eh?" said Mould, rubbing his chin.

"From eight o'clock till eight, sir: I will not deceive you," Mrs. Gamp rejoined.

"And then go back, eh?" said Mould.

"Quite free then, sir, to attend to Mr. Chuffey. His ways bein' quiet, and his hours early, he'd be abed, sir, nearly all the time. I will not deny," said Mrs. Gamp with meekness, "that I am but a poor woman,



and that the money is a object, but do not let that act upon you, Mr. Mould. Rich folks may ride on camels, but it an't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye. That is my comfort, and I hope I knows it."

"Well, Mrs. Gamp," observed Mould, "I don't see any particular objection to your earning an honest penny under such circumstances. I should keep it quiet, I think, Mrs. Gamp. I wouldn't mention it to Mr. Chuzzlewit on his return, for instance, unless it were necessary, or he asked you point-blank."

"The very words was on my lips, sir," Mrs. Gamp rejoined. "Supposing that the gent should die, I hope I might take the liberty of saying as I know'd some one in the undertaking line, and yet give no offence to you, sir?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Gamp," said Mould, with much condescension. "You may casually remark, in such a case, that we do the thing pleasantly and in a great variety of styles, and are generally considered to make it as agreeable as possible to the feelings of the survivors. But don't obtrude it—don't obtrude it. Easy, easy! My dear, you may as well give Mrs. Gamp a card or two, if you please."

Mrs. Gamp received them, and scenting no more rum in the wind (for the bottle was locked up again) rose to take her departure.

"Wishing ev'ry happiness to this happy family," said Mrs. Gamp, "with all my heart. Good arternoon, Mrs. Mould! If I was Mr. Mould, I should be jealous of you, ma'am; and I'm sure, if I was you, I should be jealous of Mr. Mould."

"Tut, tut! Bah, bah! Go along, Mrs. Gamp!" cried the delighted undertaker.

"As to the young ladies," said Mrs. Gamp, dropping a curtsy, "bless their sweet looks—how they can ever reconsize it with their duties to be so grown up with such young parents, it an't for sech as me to give a guess at."

"Nonsense, nonsense. Be off, Mrs. Gamp!" cried Mould. But in the height of his gratification, he actually pinched Mrs. Mould, as he said it.

"I'll tell you what, my dear," he observed, when Mrs. Gamp had at last withdrawn, and shut the door, "that's a ve-ry shrewd woman. That's a woman whose intellect is immensely superior to her station in life. That's a woman who observes and reflects in an uncommon manner. She's the sort of woman now," said Mould, drawing his silk handkerchief over his head again, and composing himself for a nap, "one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing: and do it neatly, too!"

Mrs. Mould and her daughters fully concurred in these remarks; the subject of which had by this time reached the street, where she experienced so much inconvenience from the air, that she was obliged to stand under an archway for a short time, to recover herself. Even after this precaution, she walked so unsteadily as to attract the compassionate regards of divers kind-hearted boys, who took the liveliest interest in her disorder; and in their simple language, bade her be of good cheer, for she was "only a little screwed."

Whatever she was, or whatever name the vocabulary of medical science

would have bestowed upon her malady, Mrs. Gamp was perfectly acquainted with the way home again; and arriving at the house of Anthony Chuzzlewit & Son, lay down to rest. Remaining there until seven o'clock in the evening, and then persuading poor old Chuffey to betake himself to bed, she sallied forth upon her new engagement. First, she went to her private lodgings in Kingsgate-street, for a bundle of robes and wrappings comfortable in the night season; and then repaired to the Bull in Holborn, which she reached as the clocks were striking eight.

As she turned into the yard, she stopped; for the landlord, landlady, and head chambermaid, were all on the threshold together, talking earnestly with a young gentleman who seemed to have just come or to be just going away. The first words that struck upon Mrs. Gamp's ear obviously bore reference to the patient; and it being expedient that all good attendants should know as much as possible about the case on which their skill is brought to bear, Mrs. Gamp listened as a matter of duty.

"No better, then?" observed the gentleman.

"Worse!" said the landlord.

"Much worse," added the landlady.

"Oh! a deal badder," cried the chambermaid from the back-ground, opening her eyes very wide, and shaking her head.

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "I am sorry to hear it. The worst of it is, that I have no idea what friends or relations he has, or where they live, except that it certainly is not in London."

The landlord looked at the landlady; the landlady looked at the landlord; and the chambermaid remarked, hysterically, "that of all the many vague directions she had ever seen or heard of (and they wasn't few in an hotel), *that* was the waviest."

"The fact is, you see," pursued the gentleman, "as I told you yesterday when you sent to me, I really know very little about him. We were schoolfellows together; but since that time I have only met him twice. On both occasions I was in London for a boy's holiday (having come up for a week or so from Wiltshire), and lost sight of him again, directly. The letter bearing my name and address which you found upon his table, and which led to your applying to me, is in answer, you will observe, to one he wrote from this house the very day he was taken ill, making an appointment with him at his own request. Here is his letter, if you wish to see it."

The landlord read it: the landlady looked over him. The chambermaid, in the back-ground, made out as much of it as she could, and invented the rest; believing it all from that time forth as a positive piece of evidence.

"He has very little luggage, you say?" observed the gentleman, who was no other than our old friend, John Westlock.

"Nothing but a portmanteau," said the landlord; "and very little in it."

"A few pounds in his purse, though?"

"Yes. It's sealed up, and in the cash-box. I made a memorandum of the amount, which you're welcome to see."

"Well!" said John, "as the medical gentleman says the fever must



take its course, and nothing can be done just now beyond giving him his drinks regularly and having him carefully attended to, nothing more can be said that I know of, until he is in a condition to give us some information. Can you suggest anything else?"

"N-no," replied the landlord, "except—"

"Except, who's to pay, I suppose?" said John.

"Why," hesitated the landlord, "it would be as well."

"Quite as well," said the landlady.

"Not forgetting to remember the servants," said the chambermaid in a bland whisper.

"It is but reasonable, I fully admit," said John Westlock. "At all events, you have the stock in hand to go upon for the present; and I will readily undertake to pay the doctor and the nurses."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Gamp. "A royal gentleman!"

She groaned her admiration so audibly, that they all turned round. Mrs. Gamp felt the necessity of advancing, bundle in hand, and introducing herself.

"The night-nurse," she observed, "from Kingsgate-street, well bekknown to Mrs. Prig the day-nurse, and the best of creeturs. How is the poor dear gentleman, to-night? If he an't no better yet, still that is what must be expected and prepared for. It an't the fust time by a many score, ma'am," dropping a curtesy to the landlady, "that Mrs. Prig and me has nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on. We knows each other's ways, and often gives relief when others fail. Our charges is but low, sir"—Mrs. Gamp addressed herself to John on this head—"considerin' the nater of our painful dooty. If they wos made accordin' to our wishes, they would be easy paid."

Regarding herself as having now delivered her inauguration address, Mrs. Gamp curtseyed all round, and signified her wish to be conducted to the scene of her official duties. The chambermaid led her, through a variety of intricate passages, to the top of the house; and pointing at length to a solitary door at the end of a gallery, informed her that yonder was the chamber where the patient lay. That done, she hurried off with all the speed she could make.

Mrs. Gamp traversed the gallery in a great heat from having carried her large bundle up so many stairs, and tapped at the door, which was immediately opened by Mrs. Prig, bonneted and shawled and all impatience to be gone. Mrs. Prig was of the Gamp build, but not so fat; and her voice was deeper and more like a man's. She had also a beard.

"I began to think you warn't a coming!" Mrs. Prig observed, in some displeasure.

"It shall be made good to-morrow night," said Mrs. Gamp, "honorable. I had to go and fetch my things." She had begun to make signs of enquiry in reference to the position of the patient and his overhearing them—for there was a screen before the door—when Mrs. Prig settled that point easily.

"Oh!" she said aloud, "he's quiet, but his wits is gone. It an't no matter wot you say."

"Anythin' to tell afore you goes, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gamp,

setting her bundle down inside the door, and looking affectionately at her partner.

"The pickled salmon," Mrs. Prig replied, "is quite delicious. I can partick'ler recommend it. Don't have nothink to say to the cold meat, for it tastes of the stable. The drinks is all good."

Mrs. Gamp expressed herself much gratified.

"The physic and them things is on the drawers and mankleshelf," said Mrs. Prig, cursorily. "He took his last slime draught at seven. The easy-chair an't soft enough. You'll want his piller."

Mrs. Gamp thanked her for these hints, and giving her a friendly good night, held the door open until she had disappeared at the other end of the gallery. Having thus performed the hospitable duty of seeing her safely off, she shut it, locked it on the inside, took up her bundle, walked round the screen, and entered on her occupation of the sick chamber.

"A little dull, but not so bad as might be," Mrs. Gamp remarked. "I'm glad to see a parapidge, in case of fire, and lots of roofs and chimley-pots to walk upon."

It will be seen from these remarks that Mrs. Gamp was looking out of window. When she had exhausted the prospect, she tried the easy-chair, which she indignantly declared was "harder than a brickbadge." Next she pursued her researches among the physic-bottles, glasses, jugs, and tea-cups; and when she had entirely satisfied her curiosity on all these subjects of investigation, she untied her bonnet-strings and strolled up to the bedside to take a look at the patient.

A young man—dark and not ill-looking—with long black hair, that seemed the blacker for the whiteness of the bed-clothes. His eyes were partly open, and he never ceased to roll his head from side to side upon the pillow, keeping his body almost quiet. He did not utter words; but every now and then gave vent to an expression of impatience or fatigue, sometimes of surprise; and still his restless head—oh, weary, weary hour!—went to and fro without a moment's intermission.

Mrs. Gamp solaced herself with a pinch of snuff, and stood looking at him with her head inclined a little sideways, as a connoisseur might gaze upon a doubtful work of art. By degrees, a horrible remembrance of one branch of her calling took possession of the woman; and stooping down, she pinned his wandering arms against his sides, to see how he would look if laid out as a dead man. Hideous as it may appear, her fingers itched to compose his limbs in that last marble attitude.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gamp, walking away from the bed, "he'd make a lovely corpse!"

She now proceeded to unpack her bundle; lighted a candle with the aid of a fire-box on the drawers; filled a small kettle, as a preliminary to refreshing herself with a cup of tea in the course of the night; laid what she called "a little bit of fire," for the same philanthropic purpose; and also set forth a small teaboard, that nothing might be wanting for her comfortable enjoyment. These preparations occupied so long, that when they were brought to a conclusion it was high time to think about supper; so she rang the bell and ordered it.



"I think, young woman," said Mrs. Gamp to the assistant chambermaid, in a tone expressive of weakness, "that I could pick a little bit of pickled salmon, with a nice little sprig of fennel, and a sprinkling of white pepper. I takes new bread, my dear, with jest a little pat of fresh butter, and a mossel of cheese. In case there should be such a thing as a cowcumber in the 'ouse, will you be so kind as bring it, for I'm rather partial to 'em, and they does a world of good in a sick room. If they draws the Brighton Tipper here, I takes *that* ale at night, my love; it bein' considered wakeful by the doctors. And whatever you do, young woman, don't bring more than a shilling's-worth of gin and water warm when I rings the bell a second time: for that is always my allowance, and I never takes a drop beyond!"

Having preferred these moderate requests, Mrs. Gamp observed that she would stand at the door until the order was executed, to the end that the patient might not be disturbed by her opening it a second time; and therefore she would thank the young woman to "look sharp."

A tray was brought with everything upon it, even to the cucumber; and Mrs. Gamp accordingly sat down to eat and drink in high good humour. The extent to which she availed herself of the vinegar, and supped up that refreshing fluid with the blade of her knife, can scarcely be expressed in narrative.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Gamp, as she meditated over the warm shilling's-worth, "what a blessed thing it is—living in a wale—to be contented! What a blessed thing it is to make sick people happy in their beds, and never mind one's self as long as one can do a service! I don't believe a finer cowcumber was ever grow'd. I'm sure I never see one!"

She moralised in the same vein until her glass was empty, and then administered the patient's medicine, by the simple process of clutching his windpipe to make him gasp, and immediately pouring it down his throat.

"I a'most forgot the piller, I declare!" said Mrs. Gamp, drawing it away. "There! Now he's as comfortable as he can be, I'm sure! I must try to make myself as much so as I can."

With this view, she went about the construction of an extemporaneous bed in the easy-chair, with the addition of the next easy one for her feet. Having formed the best couch that the circumstances admitted of, she took out of her bundle a yellow nightcap, of prodigious size, in shape resembling a cabbage; which article of dress she fixed and tied on with the utmost care, previously divesting herself of a row of bald old curls that could scarcely be called false, they were so very innocent of anything approaching to deception. From the same repository she brought forth a night-jacket, in which she also attired herself. Finally, she produced a watchman's coat, which she tied round her neck by the sleeves, so that she became two people; and looked, behind, as if she were in the act of being embraced by one of the old patrol.

All these arrangements made, she lighted the rushlight, coiled herself up on her couch, and went to sleep. Ghostly and dark the room became, and full of lowering shadows. The distant noises in the streets were

gradually hushed ; the house was quiet as a sepulchre ; the dead of night was confined in the silent city.

Oh, weary, weary hour ! Oh, haggard mind, groping darkly through the past ; incapable of detaching itself from the miserable present ; dragging its heavy chain of care through imaginary feasts and revels, and scenes of awful pomp ; seeking but a moment's rest among the long-forgotten haunts of childhood, and the resorts of yesterday ; and dimly finding fear and horror everywhere ! Oh, weary, weary hour ! What were the wanderings of Cain, to these !

Still, without a moment's interval, the burning head tossed to and fro. Still, from time to time, fatigue, impatience, suffering, and surprise, found utterance upon that rack, and plainly too, though never once in words. At length, in the solemn hour of midnight, he began to talk ; waiting awfully for answers sometimes ; as though invisible companions were about his bed ; and so replying to their speech and questioning again.

Mrs. Gamp awoke, and sat up in her bed : presenting on the wall the shadow of a gigantic night constable, struggling with a prisoner.

"Come ! Hold your tongue !" she cried, in sharp reproof. "Don't make none of that noise here."

There was no alteration in the face, or in the incessant motion of the head, but he talked on wildly.

"Ah !" said Mrs. Gamp, coming out of the chair with an impatient shiver ; "I thought I was a sleepin' too pleasant to last ! The devil's in the night, I think, it's turned so chilly."

"Don't drink so much !" cried the sick man. "You'll ruin us all. Don't you see how the fountain sinks ? Look at the mark where the sparkling water was just now !"

"Sparkling water indeed !" said Mrs. Gamp. "I'll have a sparkling cup o' tea, I think. I wish you'd hold your noise !"

He burst into a laugh, which, being prolonged, fell off into a dismal wail. Checking himself, with fierce inconstancy he began to count—fast.

"One—two—three—four—five—six."

"'One, two, buckle my shoe,'" said Mrs. Gamp, who was now on her knees, lighting the fire, "'three, four, shut the door'—I wish you'd shut your mouth, young man—'five, six, picking up sticks.' If I'd got a few handy, I should have the kettle biling all the sooner."

Awaiting this desirable consummation, she sat down so close to the fender (which was a high one) that her nose rested upon it ; and for some time she drowsily amused herself by sliding that feature backwards and forwards along the brass top, as far as she could, without changing her position to do it. She maintained, all the while, a running commentary upon the wanderings of the man in bed.

"That makes five hundred and twenty-one men, all dressed alike, and with the same distortion on their faces, that have passed in at the window, and out at the door," he cried, anxiously. "Look there ! Five hundred and twenty-two—twenty-three—twenty-four. Do you see them !"

"Ah ! I see 'em," said Mrs. Gamp ; "all the whole kit of 'em numbered like hackney-coaches—an't they ?"



"Touch me ! Let me be sure of this. Touch me !"

"You'll take your next draught when I've made the kettle bile," retorted Mrs. Gamp, composedly, "and you'll be touched then. You'll be touched up, too, if you don't take it quiet."

"Five hundred and twenty-eight, five hundred and twenty-nine, five hundred and thirty.—Look here !"

"What's the matter now?" said Mrs. Gamp.

"They're coming four abreast, each man with his arm entwined in the next man's, and his hand upon his shoulder. What's that upon the arm of every man, and on the flag?"

"Spiders, p'raps," said Mrs. Gamp.

"Crape ! Black crape ! Good God ! why do they wear it outside?"

"Would you have 'em carry black crape in their insides?" Mrs. Gamp retorted. "Hold your noise, hold your noise."

The fire beginning by this time to impart a grateful warmth, Mrs. Gamp became silent ; gradually rubbed her nose more and more slowly along the top of the fender ; and fell into a heavy doze. She was awakened by the room ringing (as she fancied) with a name she knew :

"Chuzzlewit !"

The sound was so distinct and real, and so full of agonised entreaty, that Mrs. Gamp jumped up in terror, and ran to the door. She expected to find the passage filled with people, come to tell her that the house in the city had taken fire. But the place was empty: not a soul was there. She opened the window, and looked out. Dark, dull, dingy, and desolate house-tops. As she passed to her seat again, she glanced at the patient. Just the same ; but silent. Mrs. Gamp was so warm now, that she threw off the watchman's coat, and fanned herself.

"It seemed to make the wery bottles ring," she said. "What could I have been a-dreaming of? That dratted Chuffey, I'll be bound."

The supposition was probable enough. At any rate, a pinch of snuff, and the song of the steaming kettle, quite restored the tone of Mrs. Gamp's nerves, which were none of the weakest. She brewed her tea ; made some buttered toast ; and sat down at the tea-board, with her face to the fire.

When once again, in a tone more terrible than that which had vibrated in her slumbering ear, these words were shrieked out :

"Chuzzlewit ! Jonas ! No !"

Mrs. Gamp dropped the cup she was in the act of raising to her lips, and turned round with a start that made the little teaboard leap. The cry had come from the bed.

It was bright morning the next time Mrs. Gamp looked out of window, and the sun was rising cheerfully. Lighter and lighter grew the sky, and noisier the streets ; and high into the summer air uprose the smoke of newly kindled fires, until the busy day was broad awake.

Mrs. Prig relieved punctually, having passed a good night at her other patient's. Mr. Westlock came at the same time, but he was not admitted, the disorder being infectious. The doctor came too. The doctor shook his head. It was all he could do, under the circumstances, and he did it well.

"What sort of a night, nurse?"

"Restless, sir," said Mrs. Gamp.

"Talk much?"

"Middling, sir," said Mrs. Gamp.

"Nothing to the purpose, I suppose?"

"Oh bless you no, sir. Only jargon."

"Well!" said the doctor, "we must keep him quiet; keep the room cool; give him his draughts regularly; and see that he's carefully looked to. That's all!"

"And as long as Mrs. Prig and me waits upon him, sir, no fear of that," said Mrs. Gamp.

"I suppose," observed Mrs. Prig, when they had curtsied the doctor out: "there's nothin' new?"

"Nothin' at all, my dear," said Mrs. Gamp. "He's rather wearin' in his talk from making up a lot of names; elseways you need n't mind him."

"Oh, I shan't mind him," Mrs. Prig returned. "I have somethin' else to think of."

"I pays my debts to-night, you know, my dear, and comes afore my time," said Mrs. Gamp. "But Betsey Prig"—speaking with great feeling, and laying her hand upon her arm—"try the cowcumbers, God bless you!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING, AND A PROMISING PROSPECT.

THE laws of sympathy between beards and birds, and the secret source of that attraction which frequently impels a shaver of the one to be a dealer in the other, are questions for the subtle reasoning of scientific bodies: not the less so, because their investigation would seem calculated to lead to no particular result. It is enough to know that the artist who had the honour of entertaining Mrs. Gamp as his first-floor lodger, united the two pursuits of barbering and bird-fancying; and that it was not an original idea of his, but one in which he had, dispersed about the bye-streets and suburbs of the town, a host of rivals.

The name of this householder was Paul Sweedlepipe. But he was commonly called Poll Sweedlepipe; and was not uncommonly believed to have been so christened, among his friends and neighbours.

With the exception of the staircase, and his lodger's private apartment, Poll Sweedlepipe's house was one great bird's nest. Game-cocks resided in the kitchen; pheasants wasted the brightness of their golden plumage on the garret; bantams roosted in the cellar; owls had possession of the bed-room; and specimens of all the smaller fry of birds chirruped and twittered in the shop. The staircase was sacred to rabbits. There, in hutches of all shapes and kinds, made from old packing-cases, boxes, drawers, and tea-chests, they increased in a prodigious degree, and contributed their share towards that complicated



whiff which, quite impartially, and without distinction of persons, saluted every nose that was put into Sweedlepipe's easy shaving-shop.

Many noses found their way there, for all that, especially on a Sunday morning, before church-time. Even Archbishops shave, or must be shaved, on a Sunday, and beards *will* grow after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, though it be upon the chins of base mechanics: who, not being able to engage their valets by the quarter, hire them by the job, and pay them—oh, the wickedness of copper coin!—in dirty pence. Poll Sweedlepipe, the sinner, shaved all comers at a penny each, and cut the hair of any customer for twopence; and being a lone unmarried man, and having some connection in the bird line, Poll got on tolerably well.

He was a little elderly man, with a clammy cold right hand, from which even rabbits and birds could not remove the smell of shaving-soap. Poll had something of the bird in his nature; not of the hawk or eagle, but of the sparrow, that builds in chimney-stacks, and inclines to human company. He was not quarrelsome, though, like the sparrow; but peaceful, like the dove. In his walk he strutted; and, in this respect, he bore a faint resemblance to the pigeon, as well as in a certain prosiness of speech, which might, in its monotony, be likened to the cooing of that bird. He was very inquisitive; and when he stood at his shop-door in the evening-tide, watching the neighbours, with his head on one side, and his eye cocked knowingly, there was a dash of the raven in him. Yet, there was no more wickedness in Poll than in a robin. Happily, too, when any of his ornithological properties were on the verge of going too far, they were quenched, dissolved, melted down, and neutralised in the barber; just as his bald head—otherwise, as the head of a shaved magpie—lost itself in a wig of curly black ringlets, parted on one side, and cut away almost to the crown, to indicate immense capacity of intellect.

Poll had a very small, shrill, treble voice, which might have led the wags of Kingsgate Street to insist the more upon his feminine designation. He had a tender heart, too; for, when he had a good commission to provide three or four score sparrows for a shooting-match, he would observe, in a compassionate tone, how singular it was that sparrows should have been made expressly for such purposes. The question, whether men were made to shoot them, never entered into Poll's philosophy.

Poll wore, in his sporting character, a velvet coat, a great deal of blue stocking, ankle boots, a neckerchief of some bright colour, and a very tall hat. Pursuing his more quiet occupation of barber, he generally subsided into an apron not over-clean, a flannel jacket, and corduroy knee-shorts. It was in this latter costume, but with his apron girded round his waist, as a token of his having shut up shop for the night, that he closed the door one evening, some weeks after the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, and stood upon the steps, in Kingsgate Street, listening until the little cracked bell within should leave off ringing. For, until it did—this was Mr. Sweedlepipe's reflection—the place never seemed quiet enough to be left to itself.

"It's the greediest little bell to ring," said Poll, "that ever was. But it's quiet at last."

He rolled his apron up a little tighter as he said these words, and hastened down the street. Just as he was turning into Holborn, he ran against a young gentleman in a livery. This youth was bold, though small, and, with several lively expressions of displeasure, turned upon him instantly.

"Now, Stoo-PID!" cried the young gentleman. "Can't you look where you're a going to—eh? Can't you mind where you're a coming to—eh? What do you think your eyes was made for—eh? Ah! Yes. Oh! Now then!"

The young gentleman pronounced the two last words in a very loud tone and with frightful emphasis, as though they contained within themselves the essence of the direst aggravation. But he had scarcely done so, when his anger yielded to surprise, and he cried, in a milder tone:

"What! Polly!"

"Why it an't you, sure!" cried Poll. "It can't be you!"

"No. It an't me," returned the youth. "It's my son: my oldest one. He's a credit to his father; ain't he, Polly?" With this delicate little piece of banter, he halted on the pavement, and went round and round in circles, for the better exhibition of his figure: rather to the inconvenience of the passengers generally, who were not in an equal state of spirits with himself.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Poll. "What! You've left your old place, then? Have you?"

"Have I!" returned his young friend, who had by this time stuck his hands into the pockets of his white cord breeches, and was swaggering along at the barber's side. "D'ye know a pair of top-boots when you see 'em, Polly?—look here!"

"Beau-ti-ful!" cried Mr. Sweedlepipe.

"D'ye know a slap-up sort of button, when you see it?" said the youth. "Don't look at mine, if you ain't a judge, because these lions' heads was made for men of taste: not snobs."

"Beau-ti-ful!" cried the barber again. "A grass-green frock-coat, too, bound with gold! and a cockade in your hat."

"I should hope so," replied the youth. "Blow the cockade, though; for, except that it don't turn round, its like the wentilator that used to be in the kitchen winder at Todgers's. You ain't seen the old lady's name in the Gazette, have you?"

"No," returned the barber. "Is she a bankrupt?"

"If she ain't, she will be," retorted Bailey. "That bis'ness never can be carried on without *me*. Well! How are you?"

"Oh! I'm pretty well," said Poll. "Are you living at this end of the town, or were you coming to see me? Was that the bis'ness that brought you to Holborn?"

"I haven't got no bis'ness in Holborn," returned Bailey, with some displeasure. "All my bis'ness lays at the West End. I've got the right sort of Governor now. You can't see his face for his whiskers, and can't see his whiskers for the dye upon 'em. That's a gentleman, a'n't it? You wouldn't like a ride in a cab, would you? Why, it wouldn't



be safe to offer it. You'd faint away, only to see me a comin' at a mild trot round the corner."

To convey a slight idea of the effect of this approach, Mr. Bailey counterfeited in his own person the action of a high-trotting horse, and threw up his head so high, in backing against a pump, that he shook his hat off.

"Why, he's own uncle to Capricorn," said Bailey, "and brother to Cauliflower. He's been through the winders of two chaney shops since we've had him, and was sold for killin' his missis. That's a horse, I hope?"

"Ah! you'll never want to buy any more red-polls, now," observed Poll, looking on his young friend with an air of melancholy. "You'll never want to buy any more red-polls now, to hang up over the sink, will you?"

"I should think not," replied Bailey. "Reether so. I wouldn't have nothin' to say to any bird below a Peacock; and *he*'d be vulgar. Well, how are you?"

"Oh! I'm pretty well," said Poll. He answered the question again because Mr. Bailey asked it again; Mr. Bailey asked it again, because—accompanied with a straddling action of the white cords, a bend of the knees, and a striking-forth of the top-boots—it was an easy, horse-fleshy, turfy sort of thing to do.

"Wot are you up to, old feller?" asked Mr. Bailey, with the same graceful rakishness. He was quite the man-about-town of the conversation, while the easy-shaver was the child.

"Why, I am going to fetch my lodger home," said Paul.

"A woman!" cried Mr. Bailey, "for a twenty-pun' note!"

The little barber hastened to explain that she was neither a young woman, nor a handsome woman, but a nurse, who had been acting as a kind of housekeeper to a gentleman for some weeks past, and left her place that night, in consequence of being superseded by another and a more legitimate housekeeper: to wit, the gentleman's bride.

"He's newly-married, and he brings his young wife home to-night," said the barber. "So I'm going to fetch my lodger away—Mr. Chuzzlewit's, close behind the Post-office—and carry her box for her."

"Jonas Chuzzlewit's?" said Bailey.

"Ah!" returned Paul: "that's the name, sure enough. Do you know him?"

"Oh, no!" cried Mr. Bailey; "not at all. And I don't know her? Not neither? Why, they first kept company through me, a'most."

"Ah?" said Paul.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bailey, with a wink; "and she ain't bad-looking, mind you. But her sister was the best. *She* was the merry one. I often used to have a bit of fun with her, in the hold times!"

Mr. Bailey spoke as if he already had a leg and three-quarters in the grave, and this had happened twenty or thirty years ago. Paul Sweedlepipe, the meek, was so perfectly confounded by his precocious self-possession, and his patronising manner, as well as by his boots, cockade, and livery, that a mist swam before his eyes, and he saw—not the Bailey of acknowledged juvenility, from Todgers's Commercial Boarding House,

who had made his acquaintance within a twelvemonth, by purchasing, at sundry times, small birds at twopence each—but a highly-condensed embodiment of all the sporting grooms in London; an abstract of all the stable-knowledge of the time; a something at a high-pressure that must have had existence many years, and was fraught with terrible experiences. And truly, though in the cloudy atmosphere of Todgers's Mr. Bailey's genius had ever shone out brightly in this particular respect, it now eclipsed both time and space, cheated beholders of their senses, and worked on their belief in defiance of all natural laws. He walked along the tangible and real stones of Holborn-hill, an under-sized boy; and yet he winked the winks, and thought the thoughts, and did the deeds, and said the sayings, of an ancient man. There was an old principle within him, and a young surface without. He became an inexplicable creature: a breeched and booted Sphinx. There was no course open to the barber but to go distracted himself, or to take Bailey for granted: and he wisely chose the latter.

Mr. Bailey was good enough to continue to bear him company, and to entertain him, as they went, with easy conversation on various sporting topics; especially on the comparative merits, as a general principle, of horses with white stockings, and horses without. In regard to the style of tail to be preferred, Mr. Bailey had opinions of his own, which he explained, but begged they might by no means influence his friends, as here he knew he had the misfortune to differ from some excellent authorities. He treated Mr. Sweedlepipe to a dram, compounded agreeably to his own directions, which he informed him had been invented by a member of the Jockey Club; and, as they were by this time near the barber's destination, he observed that, as he had an hour to spare, and knew the parties, he would, if quite agreeable, be introduced to Mrs. Gamp.

Paul knocked at Jonas Chuzzlewit's; and, on the door being opened by that lady, made the two distinguished persons known to one another. It was a happy feature in Mrs. Gamp's twofold profession, that it gave her an interest in everything that was young as well as in everything that was old. She received Mr. Bailey with much kindness.

"It's very good, I'm sure, of you to come," she said to her landlord, "as well as bring so nice a friend. But I'm afraid that I must trouble you so far as to step in, for the young couple has not yet made appearance."

"They're late, ain't they?" inquired her landlord, when she had conducted them down stairs into the kitchen.

"Well, sir, considerin' the Wings of Love, they are," said Mrs. Gamp.

Mr. Bailey inquired whether the Wings of Love had ever won a plate, or could be backed to do anything remarkable; and being informed that it was not a horse, but merely a poetical or figurative expression, evinced considerable disgust. Mrs. Gamp was so very much astonished by his affable manners and great ease, that she was about to propound to her landlord in a whisper the staggering inquiry, whether he was a man or a boy, when Mr. Sweedlepipe, anticipating her design, made a timely diversion.

"He knows Mrs. Chuzzlewit," said Paul aloud.



"There's nothin' he don't know; that's my opinion," observed Mrs. Gamp. "All the wickedness of the world is Print to him."

Mr. Bailey received this as a compliment, and said, adjusting his cravat, "reether so."

"As you knows Mrs. Chuzzlewit, you knows, p'raps, what her chris'en name is?" Mrs. Gamp observed.

"Charity," said Bailey.

"That it ain't!" cried Mrs. Gamp.

"Cherry, then," said Bailey. "Cherry's short for it. It's all the same.

"It don't begin with a C at all," retorted Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head. "It begins with a M."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Bailey, slapping a little cloud of pipeclay out of his left leg, "then he's been and married the merry one!"

As these words were mysterious, Mrs. Gamp called upon him to explain, which Mr. Bailey proceeded to do: that lady listening greedily to everything he said. He was yet in the fulness of his narrative when the sound of wheels, and a double knock at the street door, announced the arrival of the newly-married couple. Begging him to reserve what more he had to say, for her hearing on the way home, Mrs. Gamp took up the candle, and hurried away to receive and welcome the young mistress of the house.

"Wishing you appiness and joy with all my art," said Mrs. Gamp dropping a curtesy as they entered the hall; "and you too, sir. Your lady looks a little tired with the journey, Mr. Chuzzlewit, a pretty dear!"

"She has bothered enough about it," grumbled Mr. Jonas. "Now, show a light, will you!"

"This way, ma'am, if you please," said Mrs. Gamp, going up-stairs before them. "Things has been made as comfortable as they could be; but there's many things you'll have to alter your own self when you gets time to look about you. Ah! sweet thing! But you don't," added Mrs. Gamp, internally, "you don't look much like a merry one, I must say!"

It was true; she did not. The death that had gone before the bridal seemed to have left its shade upon the house. The air was heavy and oppressive; the rooms were dark; a deep gloom filled up every chink and corner. Upon the hearthstone, like a creature of ill omen, sat the aged clerk, with his eyes fixed on some withered branches in the stove. He rose and looked at her.

"So there you are, Mr. Chuff," said Jonas carelessly, as he dusted his boots; "still in the land of the living, eh?"

"Still in the land of the living, sir," retorted Mrs. Gamp. "And Mr. Chuffey may thank you for it, as many and many a time I've told him."

Mr. Jonas was not in the best of humours, for he merely said, as he looked round, "We don't want you any more, you know, Mrs. Gamp."

"I'm a going immediate, sir," returned the nurse; "unless there's nothink I can do for you, ma'am. Ain't there," said Mrs. Gamp, with a look of great sweetness, and rummaging all the time in her pocket; "ain't there nothink I can do for you, my little bird?"

"No," said Merry, almost crying. "You had better go away, please!"

With a leer of mingled sweetness and slyness ; with one eye on the future, one on the bride ; and an arch expression in her face, partly spiritual, partly spirituous, and wholly professional and peculiar to her art ; Mrs. Gamp rummaged in her pocket again, and took from it a printed card, whereon was an inscription copied from her sign-board.

"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady," Mrs. Gamp observed, in a low voice, "as put that somewheres where you can keep it in your mind ? I'm well beknown to many ladies, and it's my card. Gamp is my name, and Gamp my nater. Livin' quite handy, I will make so bold as call in now and then, and make inquiry how your health and spirits is, my precious chick !"

And with innumerable leers, winks, coughs, nods, smiles, and curtseys, all leading to the establishment of a mysterious and confidential understanding between herself and the bride, Mrs. Gamp, invoking a blessing upon the house, leered, winked, coughed, nodded, smiled, and curtsied herself out of the room.

"But I will say, and I would if I was led a Martha to the Stakes for it," Mrs. Gamp remarked below-stairs, in a whisper, "that she don't look much like a merry one at this present moment of time."

"Ah ! wait till you hear her laugh !" said Bailey.

"Hem !" cried Mrs. Gamp, in a kind of groan. "I will, child."

They said no more in the house, for Mrs. Gamp put on her bonnet, Mr. Sweedlepipe took up her box, and Mr. Bailey accompanied them towards Kingsgate Street ; recounting to Mrs. Gamp, as they went along, the origin and progress of his acquaintance with Mrs. Chuzzlewit and her sister. It was a pleasant instance of this youth's precocity, that he fancied Mrs. Gamp had conceived a tenderness for him, and was much tickled by her misplaced attachment.

As the door closed heavily behind them, Mrs. Jonas sat down in a chair, and felt a strange chill creep upon her, whilst she looked about the room. It was pretty much as she had known it, but appeared more dreary. She had thought to see it brightened to receive her.

"It ain't good enough for you, I suppose ?" said Jonas, watching her looks.

"Why, it *is* dull," said Merry, trying to be more herself.

"It'll be duller before you're done with it," retorted Jonas, "if you give me any of your airs. You're a nice article, to turn sulky on first coming home ! 'Ecod, you used to have life enough, when you could plague me with it. The gal's down stairs. Ring the bell for supper, while I take my boots off !"

She roused herself from looking after him as he left the room, to do what he had desired : when the old man Chuffey laid his hand softly on her arm.

"You are not married ?" he said eagerly. "Not married ?"

"Yes. A month ago. Good Heaven, what is the matter ?"

He answered nothing was the matter ; and turned from her. But in her fear and wonder, turning also, she saw him raise his trembling hands above his head, and heard him say :

"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.



G. RALPH & Co.  
IRONMONGERS  
2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

# THE PRIDE OF LONDON A POEM.



NGERS,

CHURCH.

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## TERMS.

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And with innuendoes, all leading to an understanding blessing upon the curtsied herself.

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THE  
"Pride of London,"

A Poem.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

EXTERNAL & INTERNAL WONDERS

OF THE

DOUBLE EMPORIUM

OF

E. MOSES & SON

TAILORS, DRAPERS, & OUTFITTERS.  
86, 154,  
Aldgate AND Minories.  
CITY, LONDON.

G. RALPH & Co.  
IRONMONGERS  
2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH



NGERS,

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.



*The Pride of London.*

INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC

To all who witness with delight,  
The scenes which form a splendid sight,  
(Without regard to rank or station,) We give a hearty invitation.  
Come! view the splendours of our Mart—  
Examine it in ev'ry part.  
And when you've duly contemplated,  
You'll find we have not over-rated.  
Nay, do not be afraid to come—  
We shall not ask you for a sum—  
Nor shall we trouble you to buy,  
But merely to delight your eye.  
Inspect our show-rooms at your leisure,  
Like any other place of pleasure.  
And you'll be highly gratified,  
When you have witness'd "LONDON'S PRIDE."

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And with inquiries, all leading to understanding, she bestowed a blessing upon the curtsied herself.

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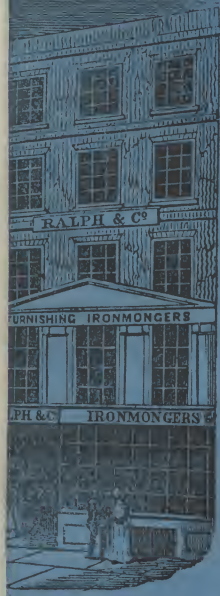
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It was her welcome,—HOME.

## 6

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

THE

**"PRIDE OF LONDON."**

A Poem.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSES.

The Pride of London !—What a name  
For an establishment to claim !

Yet, gentle reader, do not doubt it,  
We'll quickly tell you all about it,  
And prove without exaggeration,  
The justness of this appellation.

First we will give you, if you please,  
A picture of the premises—

Those premises which long have been  
The boast of London's busy scene,



*The Pride of London.*

Whose flag of glory is unfurl'd  
 Throughout the wide commercial world.  
 O for a painter's magic art,  
 To represent so proud a Mart!  
 For how can *language* justly tell  
 Of scenes so indescribable?  
 Our celebrated houses stand,  
 On two distinctive sites of land;  
 Yet free communications run,  
 Which make the warehouses as ONE.  
 For these you have not long to hunt—  
 The one in Aldgate rears its front—  
 The other, (which you cannot miss),  
 Stands boldly in the Minories.  
 Now when you view these noted places,  
 And mark them upwards from their bases;  
 When you behold them proudly rising,  
 In majesty and pomp surprising;  
 Struck with a building so sublime,  
 Your eye in wonderment will climb.

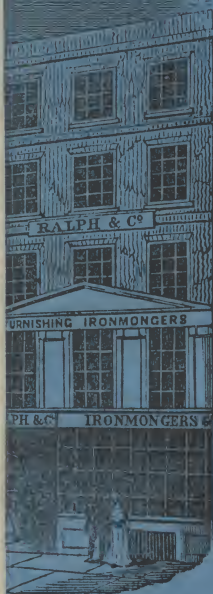
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 Any article exchanged, if returned in good condition, within a week.*

**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH



**NGERS,**

**URCH.**

With a leer of mingled sweetness and slyness ; with one eye on the future, one on the bride ; and an arch expression in her face, partly spiritual, partly spirituous, and wholly professional and peculiar to her art ; Mrs. Gamp rummaged in her pocket again, and took from it a printed card, whereon was an inscription copied from her sign-board.

"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady," Mrs. Gamp said, "where you can find the other ladies, and it's Livin' quite handy to make inquiry here."

And with inquiries, all leading to understanding the blessing upon the curtsied herself.

"But I will see it," Mrs. Gamp looked much like.

"Ah ! wait till."

"Hem !" cried.

They said no more. Mr. Sweedlepipe turned towards Kingsgate the origin and her sister. It was fancied Mrs. Gamp tickled by her nose.

As the door opened, chair, and felt a room. It was dreary. She had

"It ain't good."

"Why, it is dull."

"It'll be dull give me any of first coming home could plague me supper, while I sit."

She roused her

what he had desired : when the old man Chutney laid his hand softly on her arm.

"You are not married ?" he said eagerly. "Not married ?"

"Yes. A month ago. Good Heaven, what is the matter ?"

He answered nothing was the matter ; and turned from her. But in her fear and wonder, turning also, she saw him raise his trembling hands above his head, and heard him say :

"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

### *E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

Here, at one view, the eye explores  
A wide expanse of lofty doors—  
Broad windows glazed with costly glass,  
And sash'd with rods of solid brass.  
As higher still the vision marches,  
The eye is met with spreading arches,  
Whose lofty height and wide expansion,  
Might well adorn a regal mansion.  
Still higher on the building's face  
A sculptur'd image you may trace.  
And at the crown the eye is met,  
With an imposing parapet,  
Supporting like a stately throne,  
The royal arms in massive stone.  
The other feature of our mart,  
Though not so proud in *ev'ry* part,  
Has beauties, such as would delight  
The lovers of a splendid sight.  
Here spreading windows you may see  
With framings of mahogany ;



*The Pride of London.*

And objects, numberless, in fact,  
Which, like a magnet stone, attract.  
But, reader, you must enter in,  
And still our marts your notice win.  
Here scene on scene attention rouses;  
Shelves—casements—desks and counting-houses.  
Broad glasses your full forms revealing,  
And gas-globes hanging from the ceiling.  
As through the show-rooms you proceed,  
The sight is beautiful indeed.  
But who in language can describe,  
Objects in such a num'rous tribe?  
Can lauding terms suffice to show  
The wonders of our houses?—No!  
Then let the wond'ring public come,  
And view our proud Emporium.  
And they 'll at once pronounce it this—  
“The Pride of the Metropolis.”

C. RALPH & Co.  
IRONMONGERS  
2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH



NGERS,

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"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady," Mrs. Gamp said, "where you can see the other ladies, and it's Livin' quite happy, and make inquiry how they get on."

And with inquiries, all leading to a mutual understanding and blessing upon the curtsied herself.

"But I will see it," Mrs. Gamp said, "look much like."

"Ah ! wait till."

"Hem !" cried.

They said no more. Mr. Sweedlepipe went towards Kingsgate towards the origin and of her sister. It was fancied Mrs. Gamp tickled by her nose.

As the door of the chair, and felt a room. It was dreary. She had

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

## 10

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## CLOTHING, &c.

The grandeur of our structures' style,  
May render each a noble pile ;  
Their decorations may be such  
As might engage an artist's touch ;  
But what is all their pomp or splendour,  
Compared with what our show-rooms render ?  
Whatever garbs you may require,  
In furnishing complete attire,  
Whether for ornament or use,  
We at a moment can produce.  
Whate'er improvements have been made  
In this important branch of trade,  
Whatever be the date or place,  
Our valued articles embrace :  
Then come the prices that we charge,  
The wonder of the world at large.  
When customers peruse our lists,  
They wonder how the firm exists.  
There's not a house that charges thus,  
And no one can out-rival us.  
We sell our clothing at a cost  
Which some would count as bad as lost.  
Nay, gentle reader, do not wonder  
How we have prices so much under ;  
'Tis this that props our vast concern,  
*Small profits and a quick return.*



**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

11

*The Pride of London.*

## WINTER CLOTHING.

The leaves that now adorn the trees  
 Will soon be scattered by the breeze ;  
 The cheering sun will hide his face,  
 And chilling damps descend apace ;  
 And winter with his dismal train,  
 Will soon commence his gloomy reign.  
 But we may mock his stormy ire  
 With warm and comforting attire,  
 Nor fear his pitiless attack  
 With proper clothing to the back.  
 Such clothing we have got in store,  
 With fashions never seen before :  
 And textures, make, and variation,  
 Suited to ev'ry rank and station.  
 But as these goods so num'rous run  
 We'll treat upon them one by one.

## GREAT OR OVER COATS.

These articles of winter dress,  
 For elegance and usefulness,  
 Have gain'd a thousand commendations  
 From England and surrounding nations.  
 These coats, in texture and in make,  
 The highest qualities partake.  
 That is, (as you will understand,)  
 The stock which we have got on hand  
 For what our neighbours hold you out  
 We never even think about.  
 We answer for ourselves to you,  
 And that is all we ought to do.



**NGERS,**

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

12

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## RUSSIANS OR FUR COATS.

Good fur, in keeping out the cold,  
Is almost worth its weight in gold.  
Though winter's tempests may assail,  
Their fury is of no avail.  
The natives of inclement shores,  
Count it among their choicest stores.  
The coats which we compose from this,  
Have not a single thing amiss.  
The work is good, and good the fur—  
Nay, better coats there never were.

Price from **£2 2s.**

## THE TAGLIONI.

This is a useful sort of coat,  
Whose origin is not remote.  
But though it dates no distant day,  
It wins respect—and well it may !  
For there is something truly bonny,  
In what is term'd a "Taglioni."

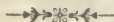
Price from **9s. 6d.**



*The Pride of London.***THE ALBERT.**

The Albert is a kind of cape  
 Made in a serviceable shape.  
 Its silken lining, too, is oil'd,  
 And cannot readily be spoil'd.  
 'Tis made with sleeves, and, altogether,  
 'Tis just the thing for winter weather.  
 In short, this useful garment shows  
 The virtues of the name it bears.  
 It takes its place beneath the "crown,"  
 And sheds a healthful influence down.  
 And in its warming distribution,  
 Helps to sustain the "constitution."

Price from **£1 15s.**

**THE CODRINGTON.**

This garment, warmly lin'd right through,  
 Is like the "Chesterfield" to view.  
 But then, you see, 'tis not so slack,  
 By fitting closely to the back.

Price from **15s.**

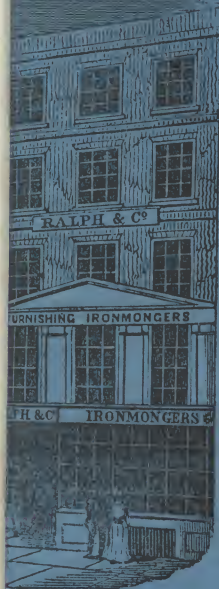
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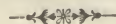
It was her welcome,—HOME.

### *E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

#### **THE CHESTERFIELD.**

This garb is like a cloak in form,  
And noted for its being warm ;  
By lapping over some few inches,  
It saves the chest when winter pinches.  
This coat has sleeves, (as "Alberts" do,)  
And OUR'S have velvet collars, too.  
You've only just to try this dress,  
To prove its matchless usefulness ;  
Its beauty and accommodation  
Are sure to meet your approbation ;  
And more particularly so  
When you observe the charge below.

Price from **10s. 6d.**



#### **The York Wrapper.**

This coat we need not much describe—  
'Tis of the "Taglioni" tribe.  
'Tis made for riding, you will find,  
By op'ning in the skirt behind.

Price (superior Coat) from **16s.**



**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

15

*The Pride of London.*

## CAPIERS, PEA-COATS AND PILOTS.

These coats, for nautical pursuits,  
 Have qualities no one disputes.  
 The very texture of their cloth,  
 Seems to defy the ocean's wrath.  
 And then their form and make as well,  
 Are suited to the billows' swell.  
 Then come, ye noble seamen, come,  
 And visit our Emporium.  
 Our best endeavours always are  
 Devoted to the British tar.

### READY MADE.

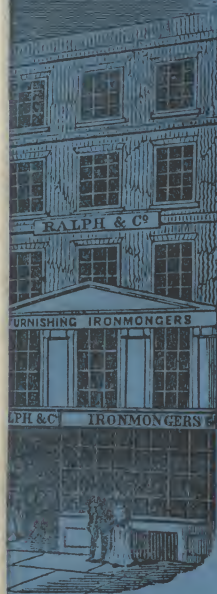
#### Men's Winter Coats.

Pea Coat..... from	0 9 0	Russian Peltoes, Silk	1 5 0
American ditto ...	0 12 0	Velvet Collars from	0 15 0
Blue Chesterfield vel-	0 10 6	Petersham Coats .....	0 17 6
vet trimmed .....		Ditto Over ditto .....	1 12 0
Ditto a better quality	0 15 0	Superfine dble. milled	2 2 0
Indigo dye .....		Cloth Great Coats..	0 15 0
Ditto with Silk Velvet	1 6 0	Extra fine ditto ....	1 0 0
Collar & Cuffs, a very		A double Breasted	0 16 0
superior article ....		Beaver Codrington	
Arab ditto Velvet	0 14 0	Ditto a superior article	
trimmed .....		in every variety ....	
Fashionable Blue	0 9 6	York Wrapper in every	
Taglioni .....		colour and shade ...	0 10 0
Ditto a better quality	0 12 6		
edged, &c. ....			
Ditto in every variety			
in plain and mixed	0 18 0		
Beavers with Velvet			
Collars, Cuffs, &c. ...			

#### Boys' Winter Coats.

Taglioni .....	from 0 6 0
Chesterfield. ....	— 0 7 0
York Wrapper ....	— 0 10 0

N.B. The above can be had made to measure at proportionately low prices.



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And with inquiries, all leading to understanding, she blessed upon the curtsied herself.

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

### *E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## CLOAKS.

This is a feature of our trade  
In which we've great improvement made.  
Some make these graceful winter "folders,"  
So as to drop right off the shoulders.  
Now those with which we stock our shop,  
Fit snugly on and never drop.  
We have these cloaks, as you may see,  
In numberless variety.

### Prices of Cloaks.

Plain Cloth Cloak, from	1	3	0		Blue Military Spanish	2	8
Opera ditto.....	1	15	0		Best Superfine ditto	3	3
Waterproof Camlets, &c. &c., proportionably low.							

### Prices of Youths' Cloaks.

Camlet, lined, from	0	6	0		Cloth, lined, from	0	11
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—00%00—

## MACINTOSH COATS.

These articles by us are made  
Thirty per cent. below the trade ;  
And yet we never once let slip  
Good quality and workmanship.  
But ever in our business keep  
To this choice motto—"good and cheap."



**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

17

*The Pride of London.*

**TROUSERS.**

In these essentials of attire,  
 We've all that gentlemen require.  
 In fit, and wear, and price, as well,  
 These famous articles excel.  
 No matter who may put them on,  
 The wearer's sure to look a "don."  
 There's something in their cut and make  
 That does with ev'ry body take.  
 They add a beauty to the figure,  
 And make a little man look bigger.  
 While oft such cries as these escape—  
 "Look! there's a figure,"—"There's a shape!"

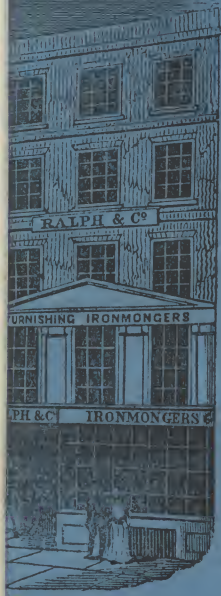
**MADE TO MEASURE.**

Deeskin .....	0 10 0	Cotton Crd. Breeches	0 8 0
uperior ditto .....	0 16 0	Woollen do. do. ....	0 14 0
itto Best quality..	1 1 0	Cassimere (any col.)	0 15 0
assimere ditto....	0 15 0	Best ditto.....	1 2 0
o, Best Black Dress	1 6 0	Cassimere Gaiters .	0 7 6

**READY MADE TROUSERS.**

Black Cloth } Trousers from }	0 9 0	Plaid and Striped } Cassimere, from }	0 12 0
ny Color ....	0 9 0	Woollen Tweed } lined to bottom }	0 4 6
uperior ditto ..	0 14 0	A Superior article } strongly recom- }	0 7 0
Deeskin ditto...	0 10 0	mended..... — }	
Buckskin in every } variety .... }	0 9 0		

*Boys' Cloth Trousers proportionately low.*



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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

18

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## VESTS OR WAISTCOATS.

In order to provide a vest,  
At once the cheapest and the best,  
We (heedless of expense) have sent  
An agent on the Continent.  
And you will find, when once you see,  
We've waistcoats in infinity.

### WAISTCOATS MADE TO MEASURE.

Rich Washing Satins, warranted to retain their colour.....	0 9 6	Splendid Satin Vests..	0 11 0
Winter and Summer Vests, 7s. each or three for	1 0 0	Or three for .....	1 10 0
		Cassimere ditto, from ..	0 8 0
		Fine ditto .....	0 9 6
		Genoa Velvet, from ..	0 18 6

### READY MADE VESTS.

Roll Collar.....from	0 1 9	Splendid Persian from	0 5 0
Ditto with removable gilt studs .....	0 2 9	Rich French Thibets	0 9 0
Fasha <sup>ble</sup> . Buff Valencia	0 3 9	Rich Silk Vests ...	0 6 0
Ditto London Printed, elegant patterns ..	0 4 0	Ditto Splendid Satins of novel colour and design .....	0 8 6
Do. Scarlet Lastings—	0 3 0	Ditto Rich Silk Velvet	0 12 0
Ditto ditto figured	0 3 0	Ditto ditto Plush, &c.	0 13 0
Valencia and Toilettes .....	0 2 6	Ditto Black Cloth ...	0 4 6
		Ditto ditto Cassimere	0 6 6

Every other description at proportionately low prices.



*The Pride of London.*

## DRESS COATS.

A dress coat, if it fit too tight,  
 Will make the wearer look a fright.  
 And if the garment fit too loose,  
 It scarcely is of any use.  
 Now we produce a fit exact,  
 Which is a most important fact.  
 And, in addition to the fit,  
 The cloth and make are exquisite.

### TO MEASURE.

Super .....	1 12 0	Imperial, usually called	2 10 0
Maxony .....	2 2 0	"best" .....	2 15 0
		First and Best .....	

### READY MADE.

Dress Coat .....	1 0 0	Extra Superfine, a most	1 15 0
Extra ditto .....	1 8 0	superior coat ... ..	

### NOTA BENE.

We do not charge a farthing higher,  
 For edging, if you should require.



**NGERS,**

**URCH.**

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

20

### *E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## FROCK COATS.

Now what we say concerning those,  
Is, that we warrant them to please.  
Their famous cloth, (which nought can hurt),  
The graceful hanging of the skirt—  
Nay ev'ry part of them is such,  
As gentlemen must value much.

### TO MEASURE

Sup. Frock Coat .....	1 12 0	Imperial Super Frock ..	2 15 0
Saxony ditto .....	2 2 0	Extra Imperial Saxony, {	3 3 0
Imperial ditto.....	2 10 0	best manufactured.... }	

### READY MADE.

Capital Frock.....	1 4 0	Extra Super, a splendid	1 19 0
Extra Fine.....	1 12 0	coat .....	

—400<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>00—

## BOYS' CLOTHES.

Rejoice! rejoice! ye youthful ones,  
We've piles of clothes for rising sons:  
Let all who have the care of youth,  
Attend to this important truth.

—400<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>00—

### READY MADE.

Tunic Suit neatly	} 0 16 0	
Braided .....		from
Do. a superior quality	1 1 0	
Hussar Suit, consisting	} 0 17 0	
of Jacket, Vest, and		Trousers.....
Do. a superior quality—	1 1 0	

### MADE TO MEASURE.

Hussar Suit.....	from 1 8 0
Do. superior quality	— 1 15 0
Tunic Suit, handsomely	} 1 10 0
Braided .....	
Do. superior quality	} 1 18 0
faced with Silk..	



**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

21

*The Pride of London.*

## BLOUSES.

These coats have now become quite rife,  
 With gents who lead a business life:  
 Men of profession too adopt them,  
 And many a gentleman has "topp'd" them.  
 We furnish them in ev'ry sort,  
 At our unrivall'd clothes resort.

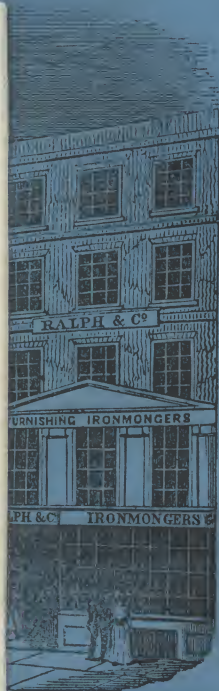
### PRICES.

Jean, Holland, Grand	0	2	3	Very superior Winter	0	11	6
Drill, diagonal &c. from				and Summer Coat...			
Ditto superior quality	0	3	6	Anglo Saxon Cloth,			
" very best ditto	0	4	6	Merinoes & Water-			
Victoria ditto, ex-				proof Tweed, an			
pressly Manufactured	0	5	6	Exquisite Gentle-	0	8	6
for them.....				manly & novel ar-			
Winter and Summer	0	7	6	ticle (registered) from			
York wrappers ....							

—100%00—

## SPORTING COATS.

These coats are such as must ensure  
 The approval of a connoisseur.  
 A sporting man when *badly dress'd*,  
 Seems a fit subject for a jest;  
 But when his form is *well attired*,  
 'Tis universally admired.  
 The man who rides the hunting horse,  
 Should dress accordingly, of course;  
 And he who seeks the feather'd game,  
 Ought never to neglect his frame.  
 Then let them to our Mart resort,  
 And we will fit them for the sport.  
 Price at **8s. 12s. 15s. and 25s.**



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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

## 22

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

Regardful of the charming fair,  
Who ride abroad to take the air,  
We have bestow'd our utmost pains,  
In adding beauty to their trains ;  
And in our "Habits" you may trace  
Unequalled marks of ease and grace.  
Our garbs for ladies (charming creatures)  
Are made as pretty as their features !

### PRICES.

Summer Cloth Habits, } with $\frac{3}{4}$ train. ....	2 0 0	Superfine Cloth do. do... 3 10 0
Do. Cashmere .....	2 15 0	Extra do. do. do. .... 4 10 0

—«00%00»—

## UNIFORMS.

### NAVAL, MILITARY, AND INDIA.

Fifty per cent. and nothing less,  
Sounds rather strange, we must confess ;  
Yet 'tis a saving all will find,  
Who give us orders of the kind.  
And where's the house that can provide  
Such "Uniforms" as "London's Pride" ?



*The Pride of London.*

## LIVERIES.

To such good gentry as are able  
To have their servants at their table,  
Our mart will ever prove to be  
The very place they wish to see.

### PAGES.

	£	s.	d.
Cloth Suit .....	1	7	0
Refine do.....	1	10	0
Super do.....	1	19	0

### GROOMS.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches .....	3	0	0
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### COACHMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches .....	3	6	0
Super .....	3	16	0

### FOOTMEN.

Refine Coat, Vest, and Breeches .....	2	15	0
Super .....	3	5	0

### GAMEKEEPERS.

	£	s.	d.
Shooting Coat, Vest, and Breeches .....	1	6	0
Superior ditto .....	1	14	0
Very best do. Manufac- tured.....	2	5	0

### SUNDRIES.

Coachman's Plain Great Coat.....	2	6	0
Superior Quality ....	2	18	0
Footman's Great Coat	2	4	0
Superior Quality ....	2	14	0
Stable Suits .... from	0	18	0
Waiting Jackets....	0	5	0
Ditto ditto Coatees —	0	11	6

\* \* Made in a superior style, and with every appendage, &c.

**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH



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It was her welcome,—HOME.

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## MECHANICS' CLOTHING.

We do not study those alone,  
In fashionable circles known ;  
But with an equal care regard  
The honest man who labours hard.

### MEN.

Jean Coats .....	from	0	5	6
Beaverteen ditto ..		0	8	0
Flannel Linsey Jack-		0	2	7
ets .....				
Beaverteen ditto ..		0	3	6
Moleskin ditto ....		0	5	6

### TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers from	0	1	10
Beaverteen ditto ..	0	3	0
Moleskin ditto .....	0	4	6
Superior ditto .....	0	5	6
Cloth-finished ditto, a better looking article.	0	6	6
Plain and Fancy Canton ditto .....	0	5	0
Ditto Drill ditto ..	0	5	0
Plain and Fancy Gam-broon .....	0	5	9
An endless variety of plain and fancy Winter and Summer Trousers, which defy description, from ..	0	5	0

### BOYS.

Jean Jackets ....	from	0	2	3
Beaverteen ditto ..		0	2	9
Moleskin ditto .....		0	3	3
Cord ditto .....		0	3	6
Cloth ditto .....		0	8	6

### SUITS.

Moleskin Suits .....	from	0	3	9
Cord ditto .....		0	4	0
Geneva Twill Cord do.		0	5	6
Do. Hussar do. Jacket,		0	9	0
Vest and Trousers—				

### TROUSERS.

Fustian Trousers from	0	1	3
Ditto, lined .....	0	2	0
Cord ditto .....	0	2	9
Fancy ditto, in endless variety .....	0	3	6
Cloth ditto, lined ..	0	8	0
Cloth & Figured Wool-len .....	0	6	6



G. RALPH & Co.  
IRONMONGERS  
2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

25

*The Pride of London.*

## "MOURNING," ETC.

Sad is the time when suff'ring rends  
The bonds of relatives and friends;  
And 'tis but right that we should show  
A token of our inward woe;  
A token that the heart is rent  
By so distressing an event.

### PRICES.

Suit of Mourning, Coat, } 1 16 0	Best do. do.....	2 12 0
West, and Trousers .. }	Boys' do. do.....	1 1 0
p. do. do. .... 2 2 0	Do. Superior Quality ..	1 6 0

### NOTA BENE.

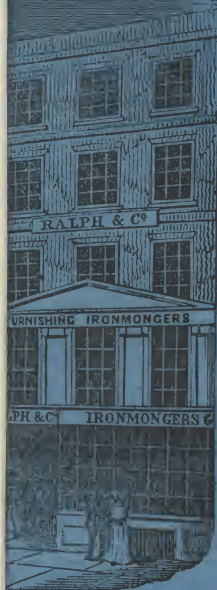
Whenever orders are received  
From persons painfully bereav'd,  
Five minutes' time is all we ask  
To execute the mournful task.

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"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

*E. Moses & Son's Establishment*

## OUTFITS.

—400%000—

In emigrating times like these,  
When people cross the spreading seas;  
A house like ours, in such a part,  
Must be a serviceable mart.  
The list of goods at once will show  
The nature of our vast Depot.

—400%000—

Cot  
Mattress and Bolster  
Pillow  
Blankets Sheets  
Pillow Cases  
Counterpane  
White Shirts  
Coloured Shirts  
Shirt Collars  
Black Silk Neckkerchiefs  
Ditto Stocks  
White Pocket Handkerchiefs  
Colored ditto  
Towels  
Night Caps  
Hair Net Caps  
White Hose  
Cotton Drawers  
Lambs' Wool ditto  
Flannel Vests  
Lambs' Wool ditto  
Dressing Gowns  
White Jean Jackets  
Ditto ditto Trowsers  
Ditto Drill ditto  
Ditto Musquito ditto

White Jean Vests  
Clothes Bags Carpet do.  
Braces  
Stiffeners  
White Cotton Gloves  
Leather ditto  
Cashmere Suits  
Foraging Caps  
Travelling ditto  
Hat—Round Hat Box  
Boots  
Shoes  
Candles  
Soap  
Brushes  
Boot Jack  
Blacking  
Lamp and Oil, &c  
Looking Glass  
Cabin Wash Stand, Furniture  
complete to form a Table  
Folding Chair  
Tooth & Hair Brushes  
Shoe Ribbon  
Needles, Thread, &c.  
Stationery  
Sea Chest.



**G. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

27

*The Pride of London.*

### SHIPPERS.

Shippers who purchase our supplies,  
 Sixty per cent. may realise;  
 And that's a sum not gained with ease  
 In such uncertain times as these.

—400%00—

### HOSTERY.

This is a feature in our trade  
 To which peculiar care is paid;  
 And those who purchase day by day,  
 Can bear us out in what we say.  
 Our articles and prices, too,  
 Are such as dealers seldom view.

### YEARLY CONTRACTS.

To suit our trade to ev'ry sphere,  
 We furnish clothing by the year;  
 And please to note that each *old* suit  
 Must be return'd without dispute;  
 Unless the dealer shall agree  
 To be supplied with *four or three*.  
 In such a case as that, indeed,  
 The use of *two* suits is agreed.

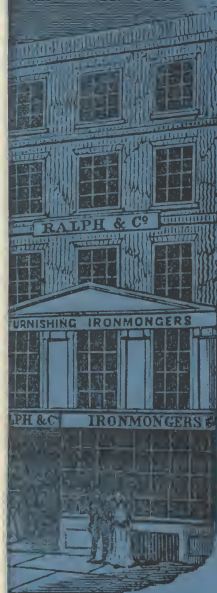
#### TERMS.

#### Best Quality made.

Two Suits Best Wool-dyed, West of England .....	8 0 0
Three ditto ditto .....	12 0 0
Four ditto ditto .....	15 15 0

#### Second or Super.

Two Suits any colour .....	6 10 0
Three ditto ditto .....	9 10 0
Four ditto ditto .....	12 10 0



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## SELF MEASUREMENT.

The following directions are  
For gentlemen who live afar.  
Nay, do not fear a faulty fit,  
For we will run the risk of it.  
The plan is set before your eyes,  
And no mistake can well arise.  
Observe each line, and mark each figure,  
Then all's as right, Sirs, as a trigger.

### Directions for Coat.

From 1 to 2 and on to 3 for full length ; from 4 to 5 for elbow point, and to 6 for Sleeve length ; round the arm at 5, and wrist at 6 ; round the breast at 7, and waist at 2.

### Vests.

From 1 over the Shoulder to 2 for Vest length in front, with Breast and Waist measure as instanced in Coat measurement.

### Trousers.

Full length from top at the hip to B ; from A to B for length between the legs ; round the Waist, and round the bottom at B, as desired ; giving  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches will ensure a correct fit.

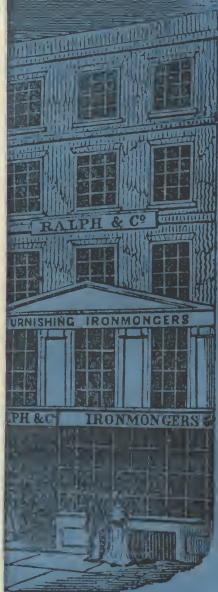




*The Pride of London.***YOUR MONEY RETURNED.**

Most tradesmen have a practice made  
 Of not returning money paid:  
 Now *we* with this cannot agree,  
 In trading *conscientiously*.  
 We will return, without demur,  
 The money of a customer;  
 This we will do, whate'er you buy,  
 And never plague you with a "Why?"  
 But give the cash, without a thought,  
 As freely as the clothes you've bought.  
 No matter *why* you may return,  
 We pay you back without concern.  
 Now, bus'ness, when conducted thus,  
 Must please the most fastidious;  
 But where's there *one* among the Firms,  
 With such accommodating terms!  
 Such terms are met with *very rarely*,  
 And prove we do *our* bus'ness *fairly*.

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With a leer of mingled sweetness and slyness ; with one eye on the future, one on the bride ; and an arch expression in her face, partly spiritual, partly spirituous, and wholly professional and peculiar to her art ; Mrs. Gamp rummaged in her pocket again, and took from it a printed card, whereon was an inscription copied from her sign-board.

"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady," Mrs. Gamp said, "where you can find the other ladies, and it's Livin' quite happy, make inquiry here."

And with inquiries, all leading to a better understanding and blessing upon the curtsied herself.

"But I will say it," Mrs. Gamp said much like.

"Ah ! wait t

"Hem !" cried

They said no Mr. Sweedlepipe towards Kingsgate the origin and her sister. It was fancied Mrs. Gamp tickled by her nose.

As the door of the chair, and felt a room. It was dreary. She had

"It ain't good

"Why, it is d

"It'll be dull give me any of first coming home could plague me supper, while I

She roused her

what he had desired : when the old man Chuffey laid his hand slyly on her arm.

"You are not married ?" he said eagerly. "Not married ?"

"Yes. A month ago. Good Heaven, what is the matter ?"

He answered nothing was the matter ; and turned from her. But in her fear and wonder, turning also, she saw him raise his trembling hands above his head, and heard him say :

"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

## THANKS TO THE PUBLIC.

When tradesmen meet with vast success,

They owe a debt of thankfulness :

A debt which, in the course of trade,

Must, necessarily, be paid.

Now we have owed, for many a day,

A debt we know not how to pay.

And yet we must attempt to do it,

Or else we shall deserve to rue it.

The busy scene our Mart assumes—

The crowds that throng our clothing rooms,

Are favors which, when rightly view'd,

Incur a debt of gratitude.

Thanks, gen'rous public, thanks, we say,

For favors in such bright display !

But thanks *alone* would not suffice

For patronage of such a price.

We must renew'd exertions show,

To liquidate the debt we owe.

And so we will. We still will feel

An int'rest in the public weal.

We still will try to introduce,

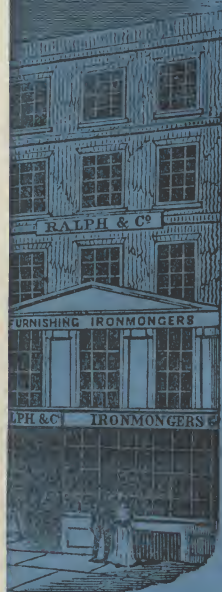
Clothing for ornament and use.



*The Pride of London.*

Still will we try to make our charges  
 Lower than what the trade at large is.  
 And while we meet the public thus,  
 We know that they will study us.  
 Had we been honor'd, in our trade,  
 By favors *ev'ry day* display'd;  
 Did our successes merely savour  
 Of ordinary marks of favor;  
 Then, then, indeed, we might express  
 The same amount of thankfulness.  
 But who can boast such copious show'rs,  
 Such rivers of success as ours?  
 Such marks of public approbation  
 Should grace the hist'ry of the nation,  
 And ever, ever be display'd  
 Among the wonderments of trade.  
 All day, amid a busy din,  
 Our customers are flocking in.  
 Our bus'ness, like the mighty ocean,  
 Is in a state of constant motion.  
 And that is why we have to count  
 On thanks to such a vast amount.  
 O may this patronage, stupendous,  
 These flatt'ring favors, still attend us!

**C. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH



**NGERS,**

**CHURCH.**

The improved system of doing business has many advantages, none more apparent than those resulting from the formation of Establishments of such magnitude as to combine the advantage of the Purchaser in the reduction of the prices, with the profits of the Proprietors, small in detail, but from the extent of business, the quick returns, and avoidance of bad debts, sufficient to repay them for the large stock kept and capital employed.

C. RALPH & Co. being connected with several of the best manufacturers, have superior advantages in obtaining their Stock, which will be found of the *first quality*, and are in consequence enabled, for *immediate payment only*, to supply their Goods at the prices quoted, which will be found *far below* those usually charged.

~~~~~  
**TERMS.**

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where you can  
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And with inr  
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As the door  
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"You are not married ?" he said eagerly. "Not married ?"

"Yes. A month ago. Good Heaven, what is the matter ?"

He answered nothing was the matter ; and turned from her. But in her fear and wonder, turning also, she saw him raise his trembling hands above his head, and heard him say :

"Oh ! woe, woe, woe, upon this wicked house !"

It was her welcome,—HOME.

*The Pride of London.*

Still may we those bright prospects view,  
Which we have witness'd hitherto ;  
Still may our warehouse be the scene  
Of business it has ever been ;  
Still may our matchless Mart be found  
Unrivall'd in the country 'round.  
Then we (as we have said before,)  
Will serve the public more and more ;  
In ev'ry feature of our trade  
New benefits shall be display'd  
Clothes form'd on ev'ry new device,  
And that, too, at the lowest price ;  
Still shall our Firm, with efforts fervent,  
Act as the public's duteous servant.  
And merit, what we have applied,  
As its just title—"London's Pride."

We beg to remain, (as we always have done)

Your obedient Servants—

**B. MOSES & SON.**

154, Minorics, } City.  
86, Aldgate, }



**G. RALPH & Co.**  
**IRONMONGERS**  
 2 DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH

**REMEMBER OUR ADDRESS!!**

**E. MOSES & SON,**

**TAILORS,**

**DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS,**

**AND**

**GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,**

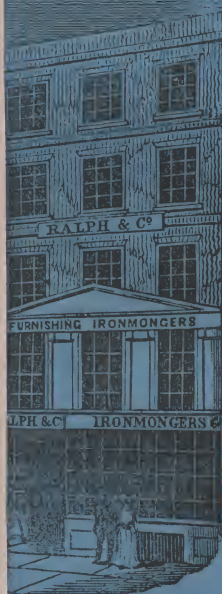
**154, MINORIES,**

**AND**

**86, ALDGATE,**

**(CITY)**

**LONDON.**



**Co.,**  
**IRONMONGERS,**

**BURCH.**

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And with inquiries, all leading to understanding, she blessed upon it, and curtsied herself.

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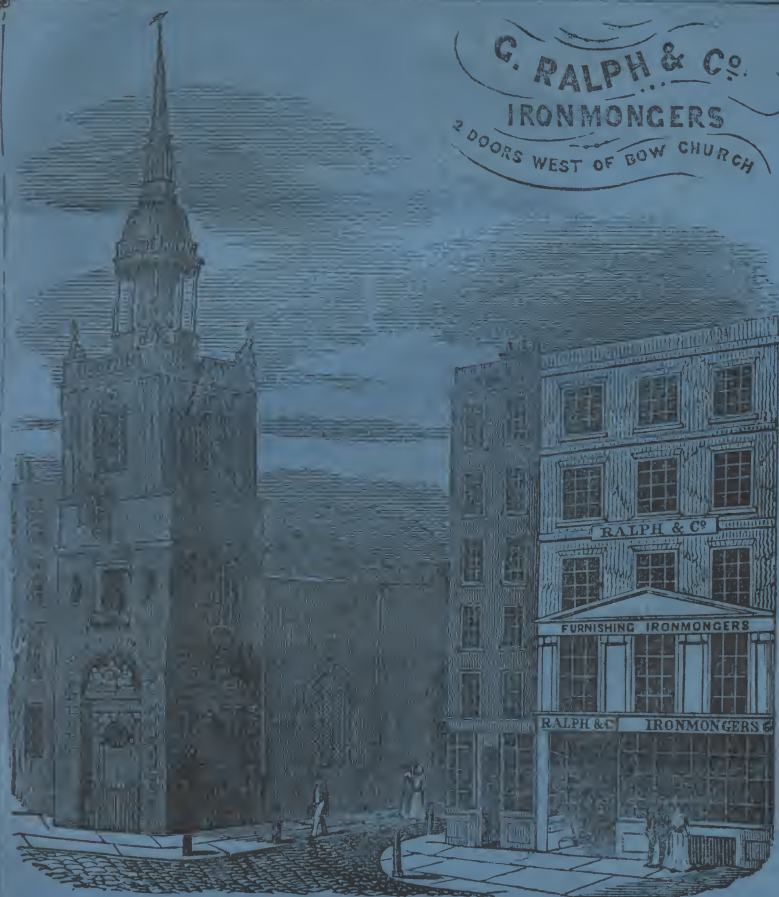
THE PRIDE

OF

LONDON

A POEM





**C. RALPH & Co.,**  
**FURNISHING IRONMONGERS,**  
**54, CHEAPSIDE,**  
**TWO DOORS WEST OF BOW CHURCH.**

The improved system of doing business has many advantages, none more apparent than those resulting from the formation of Establishments of such magnitude as to combine the advantage of the Purchaser in the reduction of the price, with the profits of the Proprietors, small in detail, but from the extent of business, the quick returns, and avoidance of bad debts, sufficient to repay them for the large stock kept and capital employed.

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### TEA AND COFFEE POTS.

A very great variety of most elegant patterns, mounted with Silver, Pearl knobs, &c. These are of a Superior quality, and with very little care will retain their color and shape to the last—Prices from 6s. to 14s. 6d.

### TEA URNS.

A great variety of London made TEA AND COFFEE URNS of new patterns, at reduced prices, from £2.

### LAMPS.

A new stock of LAMPS of every description, on Solar and other principles, fitted with glasses, complete, from 21s. each.

### BERLIN, OR NICKEL SILVER.

Such improvements have lately been made in the manufacture of this Metal (quite a distinct metal from German Silver or British Plate) that it can now be confidently recommended as the best substitute for SILVER ever introduced; it possesses all the brilliancy and whiteness, and more than the durability and hardness of that metal, and being the same throughout, can be engraved as SILVER from which it cannot be distinguished.

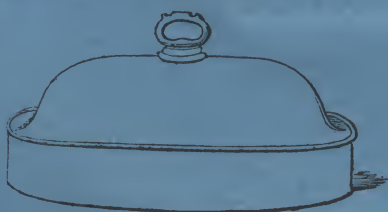
|                                 | Fiddle pattern. |    |    | Thread patn. |    |    | King's patn. |    |    |   | s.                                 | d. |   |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|----|----|--------------|----|----|--------------|----|----|---|------------------------------------|----|---|
|                                 | s.              | s. | d. | s.           | s. | d. | s.           | s. | d. |   | s.                                 | d. |   |
| Table Spoons or Forks, per doz. | 13              | to | 22 | 0            | 24 | 0  | 30           | 0  | 30 | 0 | Fish Knife Ivory Handle            | 8  | 6 |
| Dessert do.                     | 10              | to | 18 | 0            | 20 | 0  | 25           | 0  | 25 | 0 | Butter Knife                       | 8  | 6 |
| Tea do.                         | 4               | to | 10 | 0            | 12 | 0  | 14           | 0  | 14 | 0 | Asparagus Tongs                    | 10 | 6 |
| Mustard, Salt, or Egg           | 5               | to | 10 | 0            | 10 | 0  | 12           | 0  | 12 | 0 | Knife Rests, per pair              | 3  | 0 |
| Gravy,.....                     | each            | 4  | 5  | 6            | 4  | 0  | 5            | 6  | 4  | 0 | Toast Racks, a variety from        | 8  | 6 |
| Soup Ladle.....                 | 8               | 0  | 8  | 0            | 8  | 0  | 11           | 6  | 8  | 0 | Teapots, an Elegant Assortment     | 25 | 0 |
| Sauce do.....                   | 1               | 6  | 2  | 0            | 2  | 0  | 2            | 6  | 2  | 0 | from                               | 18 | 0 |
| Fish Knife.....                 | 6               | 0  | 8  | 6            | 10 | 6  | 10           | 6  | 10 | 6 | Table Candlesticks (per pair) from | 18 | 0 |
| Sugar Tongs.....                | 1               | 6  | 2  | 0            | 2  | 0  | 2            | 6  | 2  | 0 | Chamber do. complete (each) from   | 10 | 0 |

### JAPANNED GOODS.

The great reduction in the price of Japanned Trays has induced C. RALPH & Co. to purchase largely; they therefore beg to call attention to their extensive Stock, which embraces every variety of style, and at very reduced prices.

### SHEFFIELD PLATED GOODS.

C. RALPH & Co. being *Agents* for one of the first Houses in *Sheffield* are enabled to supply articles with silver edges and mountings, and finished in the best style, at the Manufacturers' prices.



No. 2.



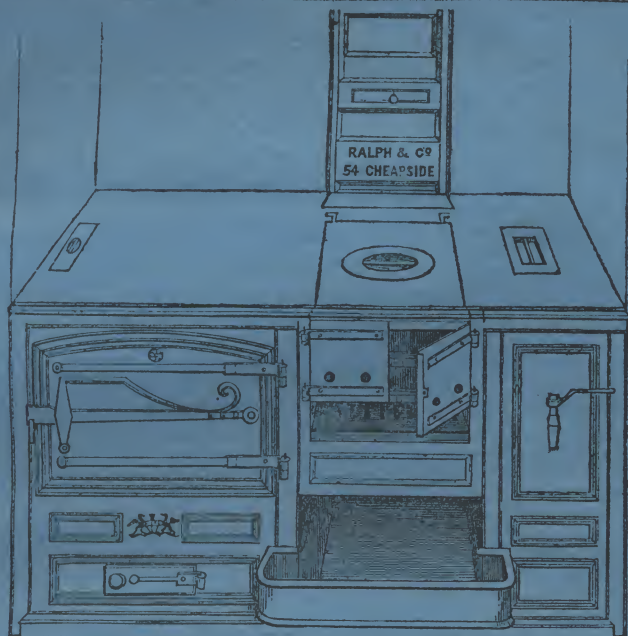
No. 5.

### DISH COVERS.

| Inches ..                           |       | 9     | 10    | 11    | 12    | 14    | 16    | 18    |
|-------------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| No. 2.—Patent Imperial, Tops raised | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| in one piece .....                  | 2 0   | 2 3   | 2 6   | 2 9   | 3 6   | 4 0   |       |       |
| 3.—Do. do. stronger quality         | 2 6   | 3 0   | 3 6   | 4 6   | 5 6   | 6 9   | 9 3   |       |
| 4.—Do. strongest and best made      | 3 0   | 4 0   | 4 6   | 5 6   | 7 0   | 9 0   | 12 0  |       |
| 5.—Silver patn. one entire piece    |       | 4 6   | 5 6   | 6 0   | 7 6   | 9 6   | 12 6  |       |
| 6.—Do. New pattern, Fluted do.      |       | 6 6   | 7 6   | 8 6   | 10 6  | 12 6  | 14 6  |       |



To fit an Opening..... 3ft.6in., £8; 4ft., £10; 4ft.6in., £12.

**IMPROVED COOKING APPARATUS.**

In bringing this Apparatus into public notice, C. RALPH & Co., can confidently recommend it as the most simple and complete ever introduced. The various operations of ROASTING, BAKING, BOILING, STEWING, STEAMING and BROILING, are performed at the same time, with economy, cleanliness, and dispatch, with any description of Fuel: it also forms an excellent Ironing Stove. The objection to Ranges with enclosed Fires is obviated in this, by opening the doors in front, and the sliding Register at the top, the smoke then passes up the chimney as in the usual open Fire Range; it has only ONE Flue; is a certain cure for a Smokey chimney, and with the directions sent can be fixed by any Bricklayer in the Country.

**STOVES.**

| Inches wide ..             | 18    | 20    | 22    | 24    | 26    | 28    | 30    | 32    | 34    | 36    |
|----------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Elliptic, or Romford s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| for Bed rooms. 6 0         | 6 8   | 7 4   | 8 0   | 8 8   | 9 4   | 10 0  | 10 8  | 11 4  | 12 0  |       |
| Register Stoves ..         |       |       | 18 0  | 19 6  | 21 0  | 22 6  | 24 0  | 25 6  | 27 0  |       |

Fine Cast do. handsome patterns, 3ft. wide 17. 15s. to 27. 5s.

Bright do. with Bronzed or Ormolu Ornaments and 2 sets of Bars, from 57. 5s.

**FENDERS & FIRE-IRONS.**

|                                               |                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Strong Wrought Fire-irons for s. d. s. d.     | Polished Steel Bright pans for s. d. s. d.                   |
| Kitchens ..... 4 6 to 8 6                     | Dining Rooms, from..... 7 6                                  |
| Wrought Iron for Servants' Bed rooms..... 2 0 | Do. Cut Heads ..... 10 6                                     |
| Polished Steel do. Best Bed rooms 4 0         | Highly Polished and Richly Cut Heads, from..... 20 0 to 42 0 |

The variety of designs and qualities of **Fenders** is so great, that it is difficult to give a list of Prices. The following, however, may be taken as a guide, and will be found as low as that of any house:—

|                                                                | 3ft.  | 3ft.3in. | 3ft.6in. | 3ft.9in. | 4ft.  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----------|----------|----------|-------|
|                                                                | s. d. | s. d.    | s. d.    | s. d.    | s. d. |
| Japanned green, with Brass tops, for Bed-rooms                 | 3 0   |          | 3 6      |          |       |
| Black leaded for Libraries or Dining Rooms ....                | 6 0   | 6 6      | 7 0      | 7 6      | 8 6   |
| Bronzed, with Burnished Steel Top .....                        |       |          | 10 6     | 11 6     | 12 6  |
| Bold Bronzed Centre, Steel Bar and Standards complete.....     |       |          |          |          | 24 0  |
| Steel Ends and Bar and hand-ome Bronzed Centre. A variety..... |       |          |          |          | 42 0  |
| Iron Kitchen, with Sliding Bar .....                           | 4 6   | 5 0      | 6 0      | 6 6      | 7 6   |

**BATHS.****Hip**, Japanned Oak. Strong 21s. and 26s.**Shower**, with Brass Force Pump, Brass Pillar Valve, and Conducting Pipes, Japanned Oak, Rings and Curtains complete, 60s. to 95s.**Albert** New pattern the best that can be made 105s. C**Portable Shower Bath**, Brass Valve, with Rings and Curtains 16s. to 21s.**Universal Bath**, on Castors, with Copper Furnace and Pipe attached by which the water can be heated in 35 minutes, Japanned Marble from 7l. These can also be fitted with a Shower Bath and Pump.**Open Taper**.—2ft. 2in., 17s. 6d.; 2ft. 10in., 21s.; 3ft. 4in., 25s.; 3ft. 7in., 32s.; 4ft. 2in., 38s.; 4ft. 9in., 50s.**Sponge Bath** from 14s.**Foot Bath**. 5s. 6d.—7s. 6d. Tub pattern hooped, 10s.**CURTAIN POLES.**

Very strong, all Brass Lackered:—1s. 4d. 1s. 6d. 1s. 9d. 2s. per foot.

1½ 1¾ 2 2½ inches diameter.

**TABLE CUTLERY.**

| Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and<br>exchanged if not found good. | Table.  | Table   | Dessert | Dessert | Carver |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
|                                                                           | Knives  | Forks   | Knives. | Forks   |        |
|                                                                           | 4½ Doz. | 4½ Doz. | 4½ Doz. | 4½ Doz. |        |
|                                                                           | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.  |
| 3½ Inch Octagon, Ivory Handles to balance                                 | 12 6    | 6 3     | 10 6    | 5 3     | 4 6    |
| 3½ " Waterloo, shoulders do.                                              | 16 6    | 8 3     | 11 6    | 5 9     | 5 6    |
| 4 " Octagon Handles, do.                                                  | 22 0    | 11 0    | 16 0    | 8 0     | 7 6    |
| 4 " " Waterloo shoulder do.                                               | 26 0    | 13 0    | 18 0    | 9 0     | 8 0    |
| 4 " " Finest Ivory .....                                                  | 30 0    | 15 3    | 25 0    | 12 6    | 10 0   |
| White Bone, Octagon Handles.....                                          | 11 4    | 5 8     | 9 4     | 4 8     | 3 6    |
| Black Bone, rivetted handles.....                                         | 7 0     | 3 6     | 6 0     | 3 0     | 3 3    |

**EVERY REQUISITE FOR KITCHEN USE.**

A complete and arranged list may be had gratis, or by post.

**KITCHEN RANGES.**

|                           | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. |
|---------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| To fit an opening         | 2 8     | 2 10    | 3       | 3 2     | 3 4     | 3 6     | 4       | 4 3     | 4 6     |
|                           | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   | s. d.   |
| Range with Oven & Boiler  | 44 0    | 47 0    | 48 0    |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| Self acting do. with Oven |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| & Boiler, Sliding check   |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
| & Wrought bars ....       |         |         |         | 90 0    | 95 0    | 100 0   | 110 0   | 120 0   | 140 0   |

**WIRE BLINDS.**—Patent Wove Wire, painted any color, in Mahogany Frames with Bolts, &c., complete, made to any size, 2s. 3d. per square foot.

If ornamented with lines, 1s. 6d. each Blind, extra, with lines and corners, 2s. 6d.

|                                            | Inches | 10    | 12    | 14    | 16    | 18    |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
|                                            | s. d.  | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Wove Wire Covers, for Meat (Japanned)..... | 1 9    | 2 6   | 3 0   | 3 6   | 4 6   |       |
| Wire Fire Guards, painted green.....       |        |       | 1 6   | 1 9   | 2 0   |       |
| " " Tin'd Iron Wire.....                   |        |       | 2 0   | 2 6   | 3 0   |       |
| " " Brass Wire.....                        |        |       |       | 5 6   | 6 0   |       |



## WALKER'S DOUBLE PATENT SELF FEEDING PHENIX STOVE.

The advantages of this Stove are, that it shews a bright Fire, has a great radiating surface EQUALLY heated, and is very durable, the inside being of strong cast iron. It is quite free from dust and effluvia—is extremely economical in burning—and requires fresh fuel once in 12 hours;—it is ornamental—takes up little room, and is quite free from danger of Fire. Price 3l. 3s. and upwards. A Scale of prices and sizes, with numerous testimonials may be had at C. RALPH & Co's., SOLE LONDON AGENTS, 54, CHEAPSIDE, where it may be seen in operation.



*Published Weekly, Price 6d. Stamped,*

EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF

**THIRTY ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER,**

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

*Established May 14, 1842,*

**A PICTURED FAMILY NEWSPAPER,**

CONTAINING

ESSAYS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS; LITERATURE; FINE ARTS; THE DRAMA;  
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE; SCIENCE;

**And a Complete Record of all the Events of the Week at Home, Abroad, or in the Colonies;**

The whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES, and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER-PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the embellishments.

The proprietors of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher before the world a mere prospectus of its purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has, within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success;—with the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a

**CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES,**

and proudly takes rank as the *first* of all the weekly journals of the Empire.

This fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride;—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the Fine Arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this Newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality, and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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\*.\* The great success of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper.

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